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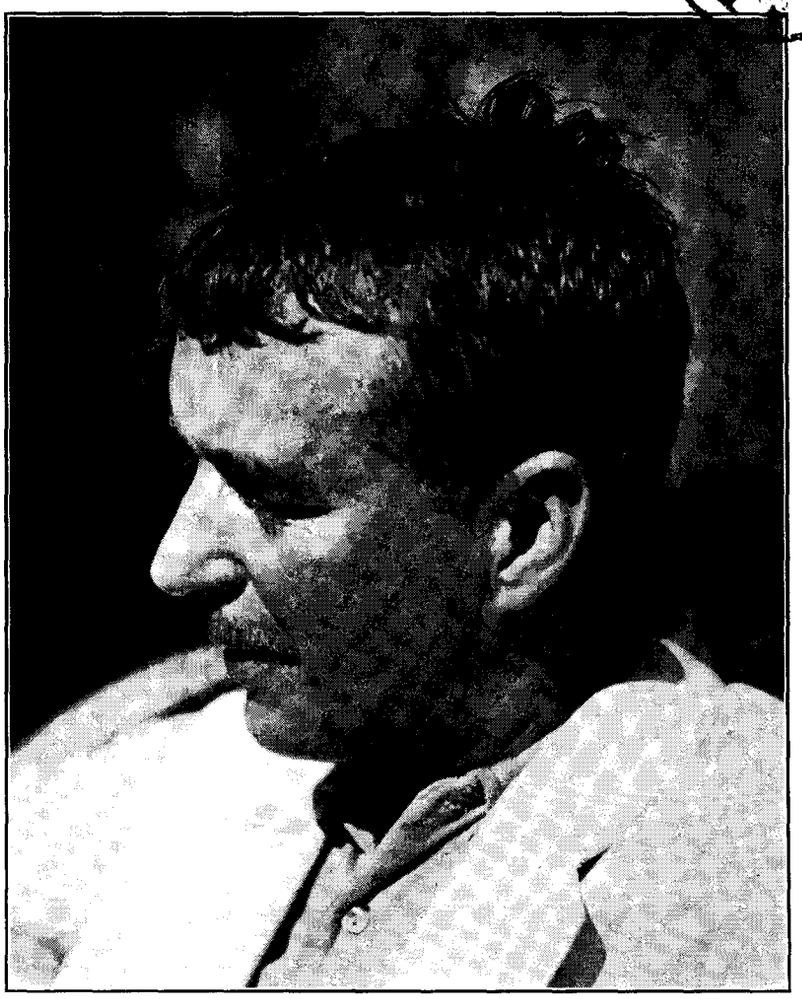

Keystone

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"It provokes that clear mirth of the mind which enjoys the finality of the hit". . . *(See page 11)*

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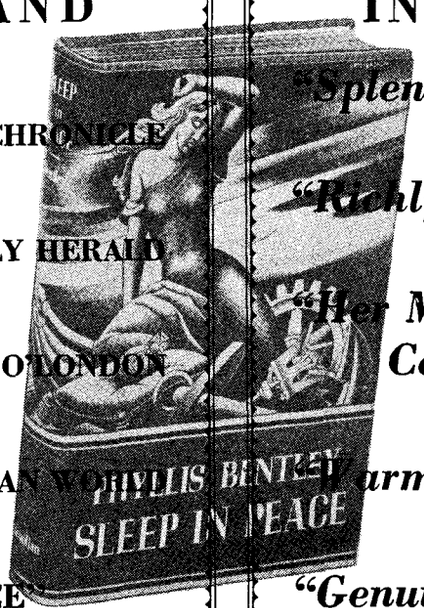

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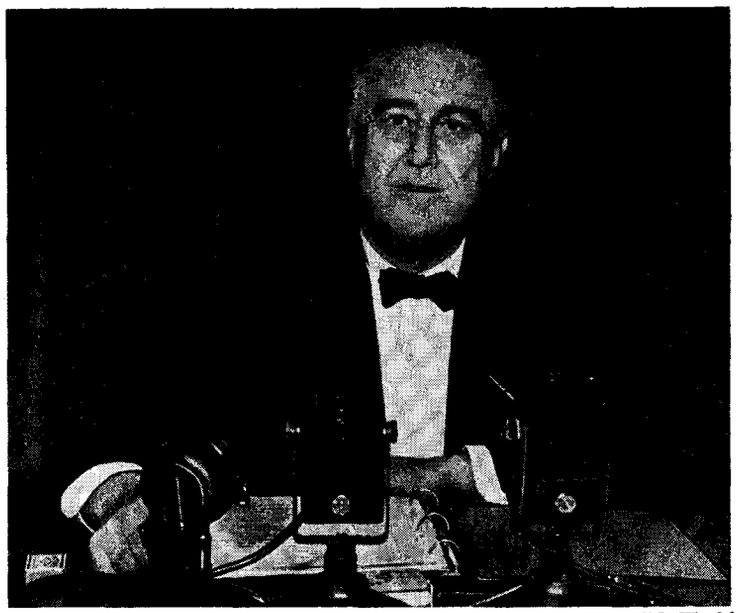
After the Happy Ending

BY ELMER DAVIS



Wide World

"Those who seek inconsistencies will find them" . . .

THERE is a profound irony, in the classic sense, in the appearance just at this time of the documentary record of the first Roosevelt administration.* For this is not merely an immensely valuable assemblage of source material for contemporary history but, as the titles of the five volumes suggest, a tremendous historical drama—not by any deliberate arrangement but by the logic of events. Act I, the deepening, hopeless misery of the people; Act II, the saving hero appears; Act III, he gets on with the job; Act IV, he meets with unexpected setbacks; Act V, he rises triumphant over his foes, and as the curtain falls in January, 1937, he and his people are getting ready to live happily ever after.

It took a good deal of courage to publish such a drama in April, 1938, when the customers already knew what happened to Agamemnon after he came home from Troy, and knew that it was at least partly Agamemnon's fault; still more courage since the customers themselves were and are actors in the drama, and cannot by any means put all the blame on Agamemnon for their misfortunes and his. "There you and I and all of us fell down," and it is yet by no means certain how, or even whether, we can pick ourselves up again. In a press conference on November 3, 1933, when the probable workings of the NRA were under discussion, Mr. Roosevelt told the correspondents that "we are all going to school." A year ago it looked as if we had all learned our lessons and had passed triumphantly into the next grade; but now it seems that we flunked some of our courses and have to do them over again, with rather less confidence this time that our I. Q.'s are adequate to the job.

Meanwhile, here are set down for the record the most important documents of Roosevelt's first term in the White House, with a narrower selection from his four years as Governor squeezed into Volume I. Presidential papers here given include, says Judge Rosenman, practically all the messages to Congress except purely formal documents of transmission and vetoes of private bills (though a few samples of these are given); practically all the formal prepared speeches and a considerable number of extraneous talks; a few executive orders and proclamations (with a complete list at the end of Volume IV); a certain number of statements from the White House, the State Department, and the Treasury; a few letters, though none that are wholly private; and stenographic reports, in full or in part, of many White House press conferences. The selection does not seem to be at all tendencious, but was made purely on the basis of importance. For instance, while only about one sixth of the press conferences are reported, and most of them partially, the most famous of them all is set down in full—the "horse-and-buggy" talk of May 31, 1935 (Vol. IV, pp. 200 ff.). And this is the one which brought down most criticism on Mr. Roosevelt.

Possibly the most valuable part of the whole publication is the notes made on many of the documents by the President himself—the great majority of them explanatory, not polemic. Most of them are comments on specific measures or proposals, some are more general, such as his remarks on the White House press conferences (II, 38-40) or his explanation of the way he composes his speeches (V, 390-392). Add that while the arrangement is chronological, a most thorough index has made it possible to chase down any topic you want not only volume by volume but through all five, and you have a source book indispensable to any student of the history of the recent past or of the near future.

"Those who seek inconsistencies," writes Mr. Roosevelt in the general introduction, "will find them"—inconsistencies born, mostly, of the need to experiment without knowledge; that is, to do something in a hurry when nobody knew just what ought to be done. The *New York Sun* lately devoted most of its editorial page to a list of these inconsistencies—naturally without mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's admission, or acknowledging that circumstances ever required action. Some of its criticisms, even so, are valid; but those who run through the five volumes without the *Sun's* grim determination to make the worst of everything will find much less inconsistency than they expected. There has indeed been, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "a consistency and continuity of broad purpose" of which most of us have often lost sight, when looking at the jumbled and contradictory execution.

The most insistent single note in the whole work is the recurrent emphasis on conservation of the soil—coming up again and again in the speeches, amplified in the long note on the Resettlement Administration (IV, 144-154), the report of the Great Plains Drought Area Commit-

* *THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. Compiled and collated by Samuel I. Rosenman, with a special introduction and explanatory notes by President Roosevelt. Five volumes: The Genesis of the New Deal, 1928-32; The Year of Crisis, 1933; The Advance of Recovery and Reform, 1934; The Court Disapproves, 1935; The People Approve, 1936. New York: Random House.* 1938. $15.

Next Week

THE W.P.A. GUIDES TO NEW ENGLAND
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

MORALLY WE ROLL ALONG
By GAY MacLAREN
Reviewed by Carl Carmer

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tee (V, 301-305), and other documents. There is a reiterated emphasis in every part of the country on a national as opposed to a sectional point of view. Whatever the ultimate verdict on Mr. Roosevelt's industrial policies, it does seem as if his administration may be known, as he called it in a North Carolina speech in 1936, as "the era of rebuilding" of soil and natural resources. Other points, minor in themselves, will be forcibly impressed on a reader who has heard or read all this before but finds his memory refreshed by the compilation. Mr. Roosevelt calls attention (IV, 297-300) to "a frequently misquoted letter"—his remarks on the constitutionality of the Guffey Bill, which are unexceptionable in their context but are generally cited by his enemies without the context. This reviewer noted two or three other similar instances—phrases which in their context meant something very different from the interpretation put upon them in current folklore. And finally it might be remarked that the acceptance speech of 1932 and the inaugural of 1933 have that rarest virtue in speeches—they sounded shorter than they really were.

There will be further volumes, one for each year of the second administration; but these five make an artistic whole, a drama of the fall and the redemption of the American people. So, as observed above, they make sour reading, now that the clouds have returned after the rain; nor is it much consolation to the plain citizen to reflect that in his attack on the Supreme Court Mr. Roosevelt gratuitously sawed off the limb he was sitting on. That issue is ancient history and newer issues have supervened. What most of us are worrying about now is not his troubles but our troubles.

Four and a half years ago the present writer offered some observations in this *Review* entitled "The NRA—Or Else." The aposiopesis was inevitable because nobody knew what would happen if the NRA failed to work, though it was conjectured that the next step would not be a step at all, but a stumble into the dark. At that time, in the fall of 1933, the first hysterical revival of business that had followed the emergency measures of the spring had already died down, and the administration was making a triple attack on the new crisis—NRA, AAA, and work relief financed by deficits. AAA worked, on the whole, pretty well; NRA fell far short of expectations—perhaps because expectations were set far too high, but also because it turned out that there was not enough intelligence in the country, and too much human nature. The Wagner Act has supplied one of its deficiencies, the Wages and Hours Bill (if the Southerners would ever let it pass) might fill another; but the moving balance of production and consumption at which it aimed is a problem involving so many variables that all but the most desperate optimists begin to doubt if it is soluble.

Keystone

In a press conference on November 3, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt told the correspondents that "We are all going to school."

Work relief, for all the politics and chiseling and other shortcomings that may be truthfully alleged against it (which is much less than actually is alleged) has done an immense amount of good; but at a higher cost than anybody dreamed in 1933. Give the *Sun* credit for one bull's eye along with its wild shots; it notes that in January, 1934, Mr. Roosevelt expected to balance the budget by the middle of 1936; a year later, and two years later, he had to put off that achievement; in January, 1937, he expected it by the middle of 1939. But last month he had to put aside that aspiration once more, and to meet the present crisis could offer only the old remedy of work relief financed by budgetary deficits.

We can stand that for a while longer, but obviously not forever; all over the country people are protesting against the shot-in-the-arm treatment, not only because of its cost but because they are afraid it will bring no lasting result; many of these objectors are conservative business men. If that is the way they feel they would be wiser not to say much about it. In 1933 business was yelling for help, and got it. It got other things, too, which it did not like so well; still the pump was started again because billions of government credit were used to prime it. While the priming process went on the pump worked; when it slowed down, the flow died down to a trickle. It is not here contended that the announced cutting down of government expenditure last June was responsible for the slump of 1937; the slump had many causes, whose specific effects are impossible to evaluate. Still the fact remains that years and billions of pump priming did not start business going well enough to keep on going under its own power; and many of us begin to wonder if business will do any better now that the priming is to start again.

To which the business man has, of course, an answer; how can business get anywhere when it is taxed and hampered by a hostile administration? Once let confidence be restored, and business will boom again. (1928 fashion? It was beginning to look like that a year ago last winter.) But what will restore confidence? For some business men, nothing but the complete undoing of the work of the last four years, in so far as it limits the excesses of the twenties. They are not going to get that. Plenty of business men are more moderate, but few of them can agree on a program. Last fall, we were told that repeal of the undistributed-profits and capital-gains taxes was all that was needed to start the wheels going again. Since it was pretty obvious by that time that the undistributed-profits tax, at least, was far from a success, Mr. Roosevelt, if he were the astute politician he is said to be, might have frankly abandoned it, and got the credit for its repeal.

But he did not, and his stubbornness is matched by the business community. Now business has got its way on those taxes, in substance; but it appears that even with those taxes drastically modified, confidence has not been restored. What, then, will restore it?

Well, of course, a great many respectable gentlemen will tell you that "business" will never recover confidence till the country somehow gets rid of Roosevelt. Which cannot be done by due proc-

(*Continued on page* 17)

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Away across the Plains

FREE LAND. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS might be described as a novel of the weather. I do not recall any recent book of my reading which is so full of blizzards and general climatic cussedness, and having dug myself out of the snow for the nth time, lived through a tornado, endured two or three hot spells, twisted hay to burn in the stove, gone on rescuing parties to dig up the frozen, and shovelled snow off the railway track for miles to let the dad-burned train through with supplies, I arrived at page 332 in a state of physical toughness which led me to imagine I was one of the original settlers in Dakota. And then I was considerably worried about debt. I went in one deceptive summer worth something over a thousand dollars, but by page 319 I was carrying a hundred dollars a year in interest on my debts, and if father hadn't advanced me two thousand on the last page, I don't know what I would have done.

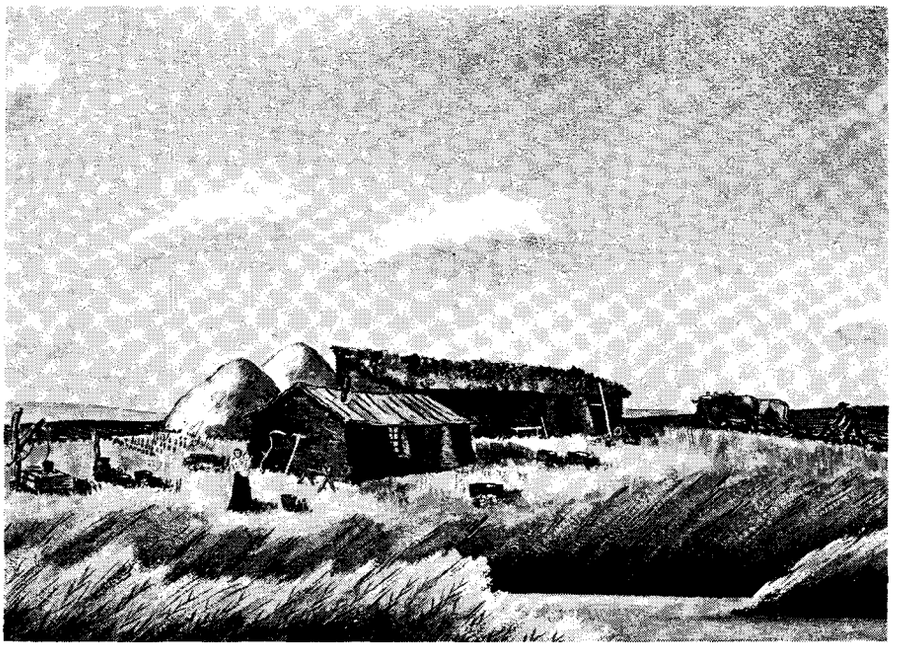
"Free Land" is a novel of weather and the farm, of things and events rather than of persons. The hero and heroine are sufficient for the purpose of the tale, which is to show the heroism and suffering with which the Dakota plains were broken to the plough. The theme song is the once popular ditty:

O Dakota land, sweet Dakota land!
As on thy burning soil I stand
And look away across the plains
I wonder why it never rains.

Wisely or unwisely, David Beaton will not be licked by heat or blizzards, horse thieves or borrowed money, but clings to his soddy, improves it, rears a couple of children, plants turnips, buys oxen, and heroically—and cheerfully—works on to the end of the book, aided by his wife and helped by (and helping) his neighbors.

There is a refreshing absence of physical violence, cruelty, and bucolic despair in the book. This does not mean that violent events do not occur, but they are not played up for the sake of ferocity. Attention is centered rather on the quiet heroism of human nature, on its ability cheerfully to endure sorrow and catastrophe. Possibly because Mrs. Lane seems to be more interested in creating an authentic picture of farm life during the early days of the Dakota land boom, David and Mary persistently remain a little thin; they have almost no internal life because they are forever shown struggling with the elements. The minor characters suffer from the same cause.

The writing is simple, honest, and direct. The quiet heroism of the Dakota settlers is, of course, appealing, but the novel seems more important as document than as work of art. As a document it is an interesting fictional chapter in American history. Thus, indeed, one says to himself, did they toil to create another American state. Mrs. Lane steers a middle course between the heroic-pioneer school of writing and the dreadful-life-on-the-farm school of writing; the result is a pleasantly written book which restores one's faith in ordinary men and women.



"Free Land" is a novel of weather and the farm, of things and events rather than of persons. (Jacket design by John O'Hara Cosgrave II.)

Gwen Bristow belongs among those Southern novelists who are trying to interpret the South in critical terms.

The Bayou Country After the Civil War

THE HANDSOME ROAD. By Gwen Bristow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE ARMFIELD

GWEN BRISTOW'S first novel, "Deep Summer," achieved considerable popularity in Louisiana and the South. Its successor, "The Handsome Road," is a good novel, and deserves an even more numerous and more widely distributed audience. Both books are part of a project attempting to depict life in Louisiana at high points of the state's history. "Deep Summer" was laid at the time of the Revolution. "The Handsome Road" is concerned with the period from 1859 to about 1885. It is not, however, another Civil War novel. There are no battle scenes and few of the conventional trappings of romantic historical fiction.

"The Handsome Road" is only in a certain sense a historical novel. It is more accurate to call it the story of two women whose lives were shaped by their times and by the impact of terrific experiences which they shared with other men and women; just as the lives of people living in France or England must have been shaped, though doubtless in different ways, by the events of 1914-1918 and the years after. Miss Bristow follows the varying fortunes of her two heroines—one belonging to the wealthy planter class, the other a poor white—brings them, naturally, into contact with each other and, inevitably, into conflict.

In many novels events and emotions of the past seem as remote as the years in which they took place. Miss Bristow, on the contrary, has a decided knack for making a reader feel contemporary with the people of her novel. This is so par-

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tially because the characters are recognizable human beings, not commonplace but not so exceptional as to be out of reach. It is partially so, too, because she builds her scenes out of simple, quietly dramatic events. But it is so principally because the two women are conscious, as much as ordinarily intelligent people can be, of what is going on in their world and of the implications of what happens to them. The world in which they live surrounded by other people is made real by Miss Bristow's neglect of the merely picturesque and her ability to handle the complex details of another period.

Miss Bristow belongs among those Southern novelists who are trying to interpret the South and its past in critical terms. It may be that historians will alter some of the details of her picture. But no doubt life in a small river town in Louisiana during the years 1859-1885 was like the life revealed in "The Handsome Road."

Gorki's Last Novel

THE SPECTER. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by S. H. Cross

SINCE it is agreed with fair unanimity among competent diagnosticians that the Russian liberal intelligentsia passed into a nervous collapse and lost its capacity for active leadership about 1881, there may be some reasonable doubt whether it was worth while for Maxim Gorki to spend his last ammunition on a volley fired into a group already moribund at the later epoch which he has treated with considerable breadth in "The Specter." Yet the last section of his story of Klim Samghin possesses a genuine documentary value, for here Gorki, without fear or favor, took the measure of his liberal contemporaries during the interval between two revolutions. His hero stands on the edge of the Bolshevik movement without being an integral part of it. Samghin is too introvert to play a positive revolutionary role, yet he penetrates the inability of the class he represents to justify its existence in a period which demanded, not introspection, but action inspired by a cause.

At the same time, if "The Specter" proves anything regarding its author, it indicates quite clearly that Gorki was far closer to the Russian classics of the nineteenth century than to the younger Marxist authors whom he inspired. After delving like Dostoievsky into the psyche of his characters at one moment, we find him in the next detailing their clothing and gestures after the manner of Tolstoy. Like Chekhov, he is able to screen melodramatic events—a murder, a tragic death by illness, a war, and even a revolution—behind the mental states which his characters experience as these events occur.

But this is not to say that Gorki consciously imitated any one of these authors. On the contrary, carried to eminence across the threshold between two eras, he unconsciously summed up all the tendencies of Russian literature before him. Born in the humblest of circumstances and entirely autodidact, he spent his whole life in observation and in the absorption of knowledge. His photographic memory for the slightest impression must be acknowledged by anyone whose experience in Russia includes any part of the period covered by "The Specter." These impressions combine with Gorki's personal experiences to produce a drama of epic expanse.

There may well be those who find Samghin's constant monologues and reflections wearisome. Yet these are far from barren, even though they lack the spontaneity of some of Gorki's comments on his literary peers. No literary historian would have ventured so damning, and yet so just an estimate of the *fin de siècle* decadents, or found a better epitome of Chekhov than Samghin's taste for the latter's "sad, unprotesting sneer at life's vulgarity." There is even a flash of the early Gorki in his depiction of the ragtail proletariat as "superfluous men" from a new rising class—as expressed in Samghin's idea, as he leaves the girl Anyuta: "thanks to Dostoievsky, we have too many books written and being written about prostitutes. 'Mercy to the fallen.' And the fallen do not feel themselves fallen, and have no use for our mercy."

In "The Children of the Sun," an unsuccessful play of his youth, Gorki portrayed the upper intelligentsia as buried

Passion for the Land

THIS PASSION NEVER DIES. By Sophus Keith Winther. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by George Grimes

NEARLY everyone recognizes the farm as a momentous "problem," marked often by acute local situations as shown by the farmers' strikes, riots at forced sales, and jamming of mortgage moratorium laws through legislatures, as in the last year of the Hoover administration. This local distress, reduced to the simplest terms of a Danish immigrant's struggle on Nebraska land, is the basis for Mr. Winther's new novel.

The book is the third in which he has traced the progress of the Peter Grimsen family from their first dogged fight with rented land. In this book Peter is finally defeated after the post-war land boom burst in the early 20's. The gloomy novelist never concedes there is any hope for the farmer, but he salves the reader's harried emotions by ending the tale on a note of promise for Peter's son Hans, with his complete Americanization, his joy in a new wife, and his happiness in a budding career as a university teacher.

Bon Marche, Seattle

Sophus Keith Winther

Struggle is the theme; struggle to compel the land to yield security, struggle for personal dignity, struggle for harmony in the relations between man and woman. Peter, the father, dies as his land and goods are sold under mortgage, but Meta, the courageous wife, is not beaten down. Nor is Hans, the strongest and ablest son, who, like his father, never evades a battle and springs from one reverse to come to grips again with life. In Hans the novel finds its strongest character and its romantic interest.

The book is true of Nebraska, whose blood has been enriched by the Swedish and Bohemian immigrants of whom Willa Cather has written, by the Swiss and Germans and Irish, and by the Danes, whose contribution to the state has been large. As Mr. Winther shows, the Danes brought courage, thrift, hard work to the state—qualities as necessary now as when the settlers first answered the lure of cheap land.

They faced drought, grasshoppers, speculators, an absurd boom, its consequent collapse, ten-cent corn, and thirty-cent wheat. They never ceased to fight and while too many fell, more won through. Peter speaks the faith of all when he says "the land is man's true home," and again when he could say, even in misfortune, "I'm still glad we stayed in America, for the children's sake."

The picture of the farm struggle is accurate enough, but the reader must remember that it ends before the dawn of the new hope that now shines through the state. Passion for the land truly never dies in Nebraska. Fundamentally the land is all there is for the state; all it had yesterday, possesses today and expects to have in the future. Where Mr. Winther fails is in this, that he has not shown the sustaining strength of this love, given no hint of the chances for victory in the farm struggle.

George Grimes is associate editor of the Omaha World-Herald.

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in their petty personal concerns until a social cataclysm wiped them out. To this idea he has obviously returned in "The Specter," but with an added understanding of the underground forces which made the catastrophe inevitable. The book is a remarkable monument to the genius of its creator, and the translator merits generous recognition for his unusually successful mastery of a task complicated by the incompleteness of the manuscript at Gorki's death.

Odyssey of Exile

SAVAGE SYMPHONY. By Eva Lips. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

PREVIOUS to 1933 it apparently never occurred to Mrs. Eva Lips, author of this book, and wife of a distinguished German scientist formerly of Cologne, that science, art, and private comfort might have something to do with constitutional questions.

"'Hitler?' I thought puzzled. 'Frightful times?'" So Mrs. Lips writes about the moment when a worried friend broke the news to her. "Why? Another Chancellor? What have we to do with politics? . . . What concern is it of ours? Papen, or Hitler, or another; it's all the same to us . . ." It was not long before Mrs. Lips awoke to reality.

Her husband had been a specialist on race questions—a dangerous profession in the Third Reich. The new rulers demanded that he adjust his science to their political propaganda, and when Professor Lips refused to surrender his integrity as an objective scholar, they labeled him an "enemy of the State" and forced him to resign as head of the Cologne Museum of Ethnology.

Professor Lips finally left his country for good, an exile after having served its cause for four years during the World War, and for many more in the work which enriched Germany's reputation as a land of the spirit.

Mrs. Lips's book reads like the scenario for a motion picture of crime, conspiracy, human weakness, and human courage. Nearly three thousand German scholars and artists share Professor Lips's fate. His wife's book, though a personal report, typifies the experience of them all, and makes horrifyingly apparent how small a margin separates twentieth century culture from prehistoric barbarism. Tens of thousands of Germans are still in concentration camps, though they have committed no other crime than to believe in that idea to which a great people across the seas has erected a statue at its very gates. It is here in the United States that the Lipses have found a new home, and where for the time being their odyssey has ended.

Prince Loewenstein is the author of "Conquest of the Past."

The Napoleonic Background

EUROPE AND THE FRENCH IMPERIUM, 1799-1814. By Geoffrey Bruun. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT is easy to find, in a large range of generally available books, everything about Napoleon's life. But it has hitherto taken a lot of rummaging in scattered volumes to find out much about the political institutions of Napoleonic Europe, about its social and economic life, about its arts, letters, and sciences. This lack is now remedied in Mr. Geoffrey Bruun's excellent volume in the series, "The Rise of Modern Europe," edited by Mr. W. L. Langer. The older historians had by 1900 worked out satisfactory syntheses in political and military history. But modern studies in economic, social, and intellectual history of the Napoleonic era had not yet been adequately integrated in a brief volume in English addressed to the general reader. This Mr. Bruun has done most satisfactorily.

Mr. Bruun by no means neglects the necessary task of summarizing Napoleon's better known achievements. You will learn from him about the Eighteenth Brumaire, Trafalgar, Austerlitz, the Great Empire, Moscow, Waterloo, and St. Helena. But you will also learn how Napoleon perfected the governmental machinery introduced by Richelieu if not by the great Capetians; you will learn about the economic realities, the class conflicts which underlay and made possible his institutions; you will find the Code, the Concordat, the University, the budget (which resembled that of more recent dictators in having a concealed *domaine extraordinaire),* the Continental blockade, the new nobility, the currents of European intellectual life, the rise of nationalism, all not merely catalogued in textbook fashion, but analyzed and described with refreshingly adequate detail.

In a final chapter Mr. Bruun very ably ties his work together with certain leading ideas which are not yet common property in this country. The French Revolution, at least in its more extreme phases under the First Republic, is to him an aberration in the course of French history, an explicable result of the pressure of foreign wars and the fermentation of ideas, but still, an aberration. Even the eighteenth century Enlightenment had aimed at order, security, benevolent despotism, rather than at a free, democratic republic. Napoleon came to give the French people the efficient centralized rule they wanted. He was thus rather the heir of the *philosophes* than of the Revolution. Liberal Europe in the nineteenth century thought it was following the great revolutionary tradition of 1793 in working towards republican and democratic ideals. But its attempts in this direction were half-hearted, resulting at best in the failures of 1848. What Europe, and even the Liberals, really followed, in spite of the preachings of the St. Simons and the Mazzinis, was the practice of Napoleon: "the creation of an efficient centralized nation-state, the coördination of national energies for the enhancement of national prestige, and the development of the secular spirit in government and society."

These are debatable matters, as are many of Mr. Bruun's generalizations. But the refreshing thing is that he makes generalizations, that he writes clearly and calmly, avoiding dullness as effectively as flippancy, and that he gives his reader ample material for reflection and dissent. This is indeed the "new history," but without the jumbled details and innocent economic materialism which have marred much of the work of social and economic historians in this country.

The Capitulation of Madrid—Painting by Gros, 1810

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Pulitzer Prize in Fiction

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has had occasion in the past to publish detailed criticisms of the Pulitzer Awards in two fields. Two years ago Mr. Clayton Hamilton wrote an article in these pages on the drama awards, and last year Mr. Bernard DeVoto wrote an even more exhaustive study of the history awards. Mr. Hamilton took issue chiefly with the method of selection of the Pulitzer Prize plays—a method to which the New York dramatic reviewers also took exception when they organized the Critics' Circle. Mr. DeVoto analyzed the history awards in the light of opinions from leading authorities in the field.

In fiction it is more difficult to generalize, and certainly the current award, to "The Late George Apley," by John P. Marquand, is a distinguished one. Fiction is, after all, a matter of taste. Nobody quarrels any longer with the terms of the award, now that it goes to "a distinguished novel, preferably dealing with American life," and the pussy-footing about morals and manners has been dropped. It would be possible to stack up the prize novels against that vague entity called the test of time, but it would not prove much except in a few instances. Some of the prize novels have not enjoyed long life, from the critical point of view; there were books published in 1923 which are certainly more vividly remembered than "The Able McLaughlins," by Margaret Wilson; there were American novels in 1930 more distinguished than Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace." On the whole, however, with certain conspicuous exceptions, the Pulitzer Prize has at least gone to writers of distinction. The only question is, of how much distinction; and that is a matter of opinion. Another series of judges might have chosen an entirely different series of novels, from 1918 to the present; but during that time any group of competent critics would have been likely to award prizes to Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and Thornton Wilder; also, though a shade less certainly, to Edna Ferber, Pearl Buck, Louis Bromfield, and Oliver LaFarge. And in any event, who is the final authority to say what group of judges is the best?

The most salient criticism to be leveled against the Pulitzer Prize in fiction is on the score of its omissions, and the outstanding omission is Ellen Glasgow. Since the Award was founded, there have been at least half a dozen good opportunities to award the Pulitzer Prize to a novel by Miss Glasgow, notably "Barren Ground" (1925), "The Romantic Comedians" (1926), "They Stooped to Folly" (1929), "The Sheltered Life" (1932), and "Vein of Iron" (1935). Prizes for novels published in those years were awarded, respectively, to Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn," Oliver LaFarge's "Laughing Boy," T. S. Stribling's "The Store," and H. L. Davis's "Honey in the Horn." Some of those were first rate novels, and in several cases there is room for an honest difference of opinion; but the point is that *all* of the titles just listed of Ellen Glasgow's are first rate novels. It is inconceivable that any group of competent critics could hold that all five prize-winners are respectively superior to all five of Miss Glasgow's books.

Other notable omissions are Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos. It is true that Hemingway has had only one strong candidate, "A Farewell to Arms," published in 1929. "To Have and Have Not," published last fall, was the candidate of some of the reviewers who participated in *The Saturday Review's* recent poll; but it was not up to Hemingway's standard, and at least it has the distinction of having been passed over by the Pulitzer judges in favor of Mr. Marquand's excellent novel. Dos Passos has had five possible candidates (not counting the ineffable "Streets of Night," and some of them, of course, published while the "manners and morals" clause still operated): "Three Soldiers" in 1921, "Manhattan Transfer" in 1925, "The Forty-Second Parallel" in 1930, "1919" in 1932, and "The Big Money" in 1936. Prizes for books published in these years were awarded to Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams" (one of the best awards in the history of the Pulitzer committees), Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace," T. S. Stribling's "The Store," and Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." Competition here was closer than with Ellen Glasgow's novels, but the fact remains that John Dos Passos has a distinguished body of work, and no Pulitzer Prize.

On the positive side, where the Pulitzer committees have fallen short most consistently is in their selection of dark horses. They have taken Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins," Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom," H. L. Davis's "Honey in the Horn," but missed John Steinbeck several times. And in their awards to novelists of unquestioned distinction, they have not always chosen the novelists' best books. Willa Cather, for instance, got the prize with "One of Ours," but did not get it with "A Lost Lady," "Death Comes for the Archbishop," or "Shadows on the Rock."

This year the fiction prize has been awarded both safely and well. There will be few to quarrel; most of those who wanted the prize to go to Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage" will nevertheless recognize that the difference of opinion is legitimate. Whether the committee decided that enough historical novels had already been Pulitzer prize winners, and whether that counted in the decision, is something we shall never know, and it is not important. Mr. Marquand deserves the prize as well as any other American novelist who published a novel in 1937. He sowed a field already exhaustively cultivated by so distinguished a writer as George Santayana, and he was triumphantly successful in raising his own crop.

Ballade of the Annual Query

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHEN Pulitzer died, who was known as Joe,
He left a will and a large estate.
(In 1911, the Long Ago).
Novels and poems of worth and weight,
Plays and cartoons that stimulate,
Newspaper pieces of merit and size
Were picked each year, as we crepitate:
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

Why did they choose that dreadful show?
I'd have selected "The Schoolhouse Slate,"
Or the musical satire "Half-a-Mo."
Who are these judges who arrogate
Powers divine and pontificate?
Yearly their judgment petrifies.
Why did they pick "The Good and Great"?
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

Think of picking that third rate Poe!
What was the matter with "Hockey Skate"?
What of McTavish's "Tally Ho"?
Those are poems that carry freight.
Why did they stutter and hesitate
On a novel as fine as "Mackerel Skies"?
"Scarface Annie" is second rate—
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

L'Envoi

Prints, approaches the well-known date;
Time to wallop and stigmatize;
Time for the wearisome, old debate;
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

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Letters to the Editor: *The Reviewers' Poll and the History Prize*

Critics on History

SIR:—In view of the fact that in your straw vote on the Pulitzer Prizes for 1937 your critics have placed first "The Old South" by William E. Dodd, my former chief and colleague, I suppose I ought not to complain. Furthermore, being a student of European rather than American history, I have not read any of the books which were voted on. Nevertheless, I venture to question the validity of your verdict. What you have done is to record the opinions of forty-seven literary critics. So far as I am aware, not one of them is a historian. Some of them are excellent literary critics. I know several of them personally and am acquainted with the writings of others. What they may say about fiction or drama or poetry or any kind of imaginative literature deserves consideration on its merits; but would you accept the opinion of myself, a professional historian, on the best novel, the best play, or the best poem of the year? I feel certain that you would not, and in my opinion you certainly should not. I can tell you whether I personally like this or that novel or play or poem, but I have not been trained professionally in the study of such writing and would not consider my opinion of any value. The same standard should be applied to the evaluation of books in history.

The Saturday Review has often complained of the Pulitzer awards for history. Well, it can at least be said that the historical works selected for the awards have been chosen by historians, and such awards will, I am sure, carry much more weight with the historical fraternity than selections made by literary critics who are most unlikely to possess either the historical knowledge or the technical training to pass upon scholarly historical books. I suspect that their criterion of judgment is largely the question whether the books are readable or interesting. If you wish to challenge effectively the award by the Pulitzer committee in history, you will be well advised to take the opinion of historians.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Chicago, Ill.

The Critics' Poll in our issue of April 2 was presented neither as a challenge nor as a criticism, but as a matter of interest.—Ed.

A.C.A.B.M.F.

SIR:—Last winter a solemn and scholarly group met in Topeka, Kansas, and along about midnight decided that it would be a good idea to found "The Association for the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth of Millard Fillmore." The purpose of the Association is to foregather on, or as nearly as possible on, the Anniversary of the Birth of Millard Fillmore, and with due ceremony to greet that auspicious occasion. Furthermore, the Association sends to a few friends on the occasion of the Anniversary wishes for a happy and prosperous Anniversary of the Birth of Millard Fillmore.

The Association has read with delight F.P.A.'s "Ballade of a Short Felt Want." In recognition of your courage and good taste in publishing this Ballade, the society respectfully invites you to become an honorary member.

S. A. NOCK,
For the Association.

Manhattan, Kansas.

"I'm sorry, but the editor is tied up right now."

Rejoinder

TO FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS

Questions assailed me as I perused
That questioning poem of F.P.A.'s—
But not *his* question; the one he used
Was a mere rhetorical paraphrase;
Nor like the queries we frequently raise—
"What could have happened to Ambrose Bierce?"
But one like this: "Your inquirer prays
Why don't you ask about Franklin Pierce?"

I trust that his feelings will not be bruised,
Nor his ire be fanned to a verbal blaze
Like the Good Old Queen's "We are not amused!"
When ribaldry ruffled the royal bays.
I bear no malice in verse-affrays,
But he lunged in carte, and I parry in tierce,
And my Baalam's Ass of a Pegasus brays,
"Why don't you ask about Franklin Pierce?"

That's all. I shall doubtless be accused
Of padding my space with a wordy haze,
But the twenty-eight lines can't be refused.
(You know how it is with these Gallic lays).
So the Muse once more with the query plays
And tries to make it sound keen and fierce:
"If you must hold duds to the public gaze,
Why don't you ask about Franklin Pierce?"

L'ENVOI

Frank, old friend of my gay-dog-days!
I finish gladly, for rhymes are skeerce;
You could fillmore stanzas in other ways—
Why don't you ask about Franklin Pierce?

TED ROBINSON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Pessimist to Optimist

SIR:—Fifty years ago today (May 7th, 1938), a little man with a full beard, with hair growing thin upon his brow, sat writing a letter at a desk in the Savile Club in London. It was the great pessimist writing to the great optimist on the latter's seventy-sixth birthday.

Thomas Hardy was asking Robert Browning to accept a copy of "Wessex Tales" which had just been published in two volumes by Macmillan and Company. Hardy explained that he was sending this collection of stories in preference to a full-length novel, in the hope that Browning might find one tale among the lot to his liking. In Volume I of the collection Hardy wrote: "To Robert Browning, Esq., D.C.L., from Thomas Hardy, May, 1888."

Browning had only nineteen more months to live, and there is no evidence that he ever read any of his birthday present from the "pessimist" of Wessex. After the optimist's death, his son kept

(*Continued on page* 21)

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The Pulitzer Prize Winners

Fiction:
John P. Marquand for "The Late George Apley"

Drama:
Thornton Wilder for "Our Town"

Poetry:
Marya Zaturenska for "Cold Morning Sky"

Biography:
Odell Shepard for "Pedlar's Progress"
Marquis James for "Andrew Jackson"

History:
Paul H. Buck for "The Road to Reunion"

Bachrach

Paul H. Buck

THE Pulitzer Prize Awards were announced at the Annual Dinner of the Columbia School of Journalism on the first Monday of May. This was as usual; otherwise, the announcements were unusual. Most unusual of all, unprecedented in fact, is the splitting of the biography award between Odell Shepard's life of Bronson Alcott, "Pedlar's Progress," and Marquis James's "Andrew Jackson,"—"without preference to either." (Each winner gets $500.) Both are notable books. The fiction award goes neither to the outstanding favorite in the betting—which was Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage"—nor to a dark horse, but certainly to a book which deserves it, and which nearly every critic considered a distinguished satirical novel. "The Late George Apley" was the first "literary" novel by a professional writer who had previously written expert entertainment. "The Late George Apley," published in January, held its lead for twelve months.

Paul H. Buck, whose "Road to Reunion" was awarded the history prize, has been highly praised by his scholarly peers; *The Saturday Review* salutes the award to a distinguished and authoritative history which is also eminently readable. The poetry award was unexpected, although the committee ran true to form in neglecting Robinson Jeffers, whose "Such Counsels You Gave to Me" was available. Thornton Wilder, in winning the drama award for his original and moving play, "Our Town," becomes the first writer to receive Pulitzer awards both in drama and in fiction (his "Bridge of San Luis Rey" was the prize novel in 1928)—or for that matter, in any two categories.

"Andrew Jackson," which divides the biography prize with "Pedlar's Progress," was the runaway leader in *SRL's* recent Critics' Poll, with 23 votes out of 44. All the other books chosen by the Pulitzer Committees received a number of votes from the critics, except in poetry; the critics voted for fourteen different books of verse, but not "Cold Morning Sky" by Marya Zaturenska. The staff of the *SRL*, incidentally, cast its vote for two of the winners, "Pedlar's Progress" and "The Road to Reunion." Altogether, with the exceptions taken, this year's awards have gone to notable books.

The Pulitzer Prize dinner this year was a gala occasion for the publishing firm of Little, Brown, who could boast three prize-winners. At the speakers' table were two of them, Paul Herman Buck of Harvard, on the right of President Butler, and John Phillips Marquand. Also two winners of prizes in journalism: John Imrie of the *Edmonton Journal* in Alberta, Canada, and Raymond Sprigle of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. A feature of the evening was a broadcast from Des Moines, Iowa—Mr. W. W. Waymack speaking on behalf of one of the prizes in journalism awarded to the *Des Moines Register*. The voice of Arthur Krock was heard from his downtown office acknowledging another journalistic prize, and those of Frank Craven and others from the Morosco Theatre, in the first act of Thornton Wilder's prize-winning play, "Our Town." This last, because Mr. Wilder was in Arizona. Among those who spoke from the dais, after President Butler, introduced by Dean Carl W. Ackerman, had announced the awards, were Paul Buck and John P. Marquand, Mr. Buck with a mere modest handful of words—"He's not going to make a speech!" whispered his wife to our correspondent—and Mr. Marquand with the most amusing speech of the evening, also brief, in which he told how he had developed a personal interest in the life of his hero, George Apley, and had decided that there were a great many like him not only in Boston but all over the United States. He concluded that the late George had now gone a good deal further than he would ever have expected.

Marquis James

Odell Shepard

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The Fiction Award

JOHN P. MARQUAND, who will be 45 on his next birthday, was born in Wilmington, Delaware. He has lived in Boston, New York, Newburyport—where he went to school,—and Cambridge—where he went to college, graduating from Harvard in 1915. During the war he served with the Field Artillery and participated in the Marne-Aisne, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Subsequent visits to China have given him material for four adventure-mystery novels; his Mr. Moto is well known to *Saturday Evening Post* readers and filmgoers; altogether he has written eleven books and innumerable short stories. His first wife was Christina Davenport Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Mass.; his second is Adelaide Ferry Hooker of New York.

"The Late George Apley" was serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and appeared in the bookstores in January, 1937. In a page review entitled "The Brahmin Way of Life" (*Saturday Review of Literature*, January 2, 1937) Bernard DeVoto remarked that Mr. Marquand was a much poorer philosopher than Santayana (in "The Last Puritan") but a much better novelist. He found Mr. Marquand's depiction of the Brahmin way of life in Boston very effective. Of the book's satire he said: "It provokes that clear mirth of the mind which enjoys the finality of the hit and is the sharper because the heart answers the offence at which the blow is struck. So quietly done that it seems unpretentious, the book is an achievement of a high order."

The Drama Award

THORNTON NIVEN WILDER is, of course, widely known in this country as a novelist. He startled the public in 1927 with his third book, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," which became a best-seller in that year, actually an oddly esoteric work to achieve such wide acceptance. After that his first novel, "The Cabala," was revived, but few noted that his second work had been a play, "The Trumpet Shall Sound," and few knew that during his college days at Yale he had been assiduous in writing one-act plays for the Yale Dramatic Association. In truth Mr. Wilder's chief ambition has always been to achieve success as a dramatist. He was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in the Spring of 1897, one of the talented children of Amos P. Wilder, our consul-general to Hong Kong and Shanghai from 1906 to 1914. His schooling included such widely separated places as Berkeley, California; Chefoo, China; and, again Ojai, California, at the celebrated Thacher School. He went to Oberlin for two years, got his A. B. from Yale in 1920, pursued graduate study at the American Academy in Rome for the next year (where the material for his novel "The Cabala" was derived), and became housemaster and teacher at the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. Princeton gave him an A.M. in 1925. Since 1930 he has been a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. His work there leaves him free for six months in the year. He is unmarried. His two talented sisters, Charlotte and Isabel, are respectively poet and novelist.

"Our Town" is an unconventional play, produced without scenery, much of the action given in monologue by the "stage-manager" (chorus and commentator combined in the person of that excellent actor, Frank Craven). In *The Saturday Review* of April 2, 1938, John Anderson, reviewing "Our Town," remarked that Mr. Wilder, "by observing a New England village, touches the common denominator of American life and expands the family album into a history of the world."

The History Award

REVIEWING Paul H. Buck's "The Road to Reunion" in *The Saturday Review* of June 12, 1937, Howard W. Odum called attention to the fact that recent Pulitzer awards have reflected "the continuing interest and vitality in the earlier American sectionalism and the newer emerging regionalism," and went on to say that Mr. Buck's objective and impartial study of post-bellum attitudes of North and South "if supplemented by the story of what has happened since 1900, would appear to be the most significant contribution of its kind in recent years." "It is," he said, "a good book in both history and literature. It tells the story of cultural conflict and propaganda more vividly and comprehensively than any other book that has appeared."

Despite the fact that it is the South that has claimed his attention both in his "The Poor Whites of Ante-Bellum Society," published in the *American Historical Review*, and in "The Road to Reunion," Mr. Buck is himself a Middle-Westerner, having been born in Columbus, Ohio. A graduate of Ohio State University, he has studied abroad and holds degrees from Harvard, where he is a member of the faculty of history.

The Biography Award

FOR the first time in its history the Pulitzer Committee has bestowed its prize in biography on two books. Mr. Shepard's volume, a life of Bronson Alcott, has already carried off a prize, having been chosen from among 387 manuscripts in Little, Brown & Co.'s Centenary Contest as "the most interesting unpublished American work (not fiction), resting squarely on the foundation of fact." Mr. James's prize-winning study is a two-volume biography of President Jackson of which the first, "The Border Captain," appeared in 1933, and the second, "Portrait of a President," in 1937. The "Jackson" is the second book from his pen to win a Pulitzer award, that honor having been bestowed in 1930 on his "The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston." Born in Springfield, Mo., in 1891, Marquis James has been a newspaper reporter in Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, and New York. He has been on the staff of *The New Yorker* and *The American Legion Monthly*, and has served as national publicity director of the Legion. As a member of the A.E.F. he spent nineteen months in France, ending up as a captain of infantry when the war closed. He is married and has one daughter. Reviewing the prize-winning "Andrew Jackson" in *The Saturday Review* of October 9, 1937, E. Douglas Branch said: "His Jackson is alive, an 'Old Hickory' of pulsing sap, a man who broke heads while shielding his own heartbreak. And this biography of a President who relinquished office a century ago . . . has an arresting timeliness."

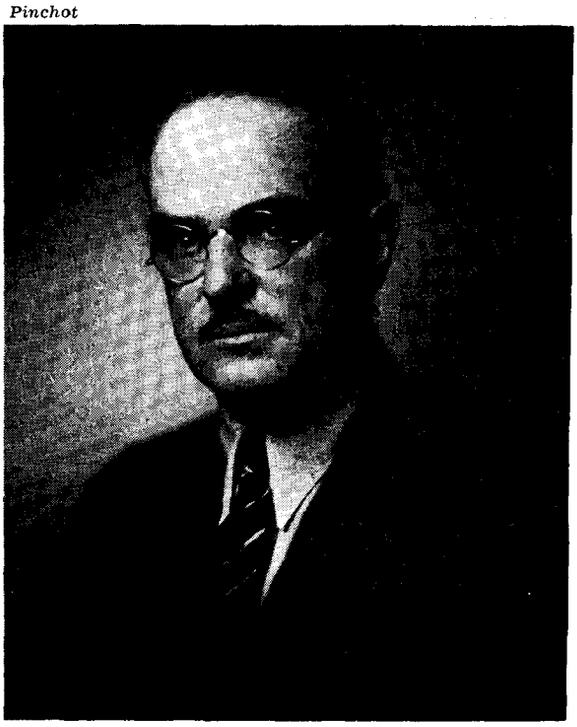
Like Mr. James, Odell Shepard has had journalistic experience. Born in Sterling, Ill., his interest in the New England phi-

Portrait by Francis Criss

Marya Zaturenska

Thornton Wilder

Pinchot



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losophers drew him from the Middle West to the East. He received his education in Northwestern School of Music—for a time after leaving college he was an organist—, Northwestern University, and the University of Chicago, and later added Harvard degrees to the others he held. After trying his hand at journalism, he took to teaching, and at present holds a chair of English in Trinity College. He is married and has a son, is a skilled amateur photographer, an enthusiastic fisherman, a walker who has celebrated the delights of the roadside in a volume of essays, a student of Plutarch, a writer of poetry, and editor and author of several volumes of belles lettres. Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott have long held his interest, his study of the last-named having been born of Emerson's characterization of the Brook Farmer and transcendentalist as "the greatest genius of his time" and of Thoreau's enthusiasm for him. Writing of "Pedlar's Progress" in *The Saturday Review* of May 8, 1937, Henry Seidel Canby said: "None of the books written upon the Alcotts has explained the riddle of an important influence upon American thought become a symbol of intellectual futility. Professor Odell Shepard, perhaps because he has read the five million words of the unpublished Journal, has succeeded. . . . This is a real biography. Interpretation may differ, but the difficult job has been done."

The Poetry Award

YOUNGEST of the recipients of the literary Pulitzer Prizes this year, Marya Zaturenska has published but two books of poems, "Threshold and Hearth" and "Cold Morning Sky." She was born in Moscow in 1901 and spent the first ten years of her life in a small Russian village. At fourteen she was at work in an American factory. Ten years later she married the distinguished American poet and critic, Horace Gregory; they have two children, Joanna Elizabeth and Patrick Bolton. The family lives in Bronxville, N. Y., where Mr. Gregory is a lecturer at Sarah Lawrence College. For her first book, "Threshold and Hearth," published in 1934, Miss Zaturenska received the Shelley Award. A group of poems later included in her second, Pulitzer-prize winning book, "Cold Morning Sky," won the Guarantors' Prize awarded by *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in Chicago, in 1936. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* for September 18, 1937, Louis Untermeyer wrote of "Cold Morning Sky" that it was a finer collection in every way than her earlier book. "It has all the subtlety of her first offering, but it is a clarified subtlety; the stripped line, the sharpened image, the clean phrases are here, but they are rounded and enriched with a new mellowness. . . . Without program or pretentiousness, it revives, or rather, continues the authentic lyric note."

From Proust to Morand

FOUR FRENCH NOVELISTS. By Georges Lemaitre. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

MARCEL PROUST, André Gide, Jean Giraudoux, and Paul Morand are four French novelists of great popularity, who have been extensively translated and widely commented upon. Here is a stout volume of more than four hundred pages devoted to them by Mr. Georges Lemaitre, Associate Professor of French at McGill University, Montreal. It is written in the manner of a thesis, footnotes duly numbered, and complete but pedestrian exposition of each subject. The gay trifles of Giraudoux and Morand are buried under such expressions as "fundamental pessimism," "universal strain and stress," "the unity behind diversity," "disjunction between scholastic ideals and the realities of life," "ephemeral aspects of the world." Those who have enjoyed "Suzanne and the Pacific," "Amphitryon 38," "Open All Night," "Closed All Night," and so forth, will marvel at the solemn profundities here read into them. Those who have not will probably decide not to bother, if Mr. Lemaitre's account of them is the best that can be said for them. W. B. Yeats used to say of certain Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, that they "read Homer for grammar and the *Irish Times* editorials for style." Mr. Lemaitre approaches Morand and Giraudoux in a similar spirit. By bracketing their names with those of Proust and Gide, he automatically creates a confusion of literary values, for the unsuspecting reader is led to believe that all four writers are of equal esthetic and intellectual standing.

Nobody would gather the relative importance of Gide and Morand from Mr. Lemaitre's analysis of them. In no case does he attempt a really critical estimate. His essay on Proust, for example, is merely a rehash of all the old stories about Proust's timidity, servility, snobbery, and ill-health, followed by a portentous argument to the effect that Proust's real or imaginary disillusionment about his so-called "fashionable" friends, a set of utterly unimportant, forgotten snobs, constitutes a phenomenon of tremendous importance and has contributed an immortal work to French literature. This has been said before, but Mr. Lemaitre neither proves nor disproves it, thereby permitting himself a work of pure supererogation. It may be assumed that readers of Proust unacquainted with French, if really interested, would naturally read the English translation of Léon Pierre-Quint's life of him, and therefore stand in no need of this rewriting of a familiar story.

Mr. Lemaitre's account of Gide is equally hackneyed as to facts and pedestrian as to treatment. Edmund Gosse's early essay on him, in "Portraits and Sketches," when he was unknown to the mass of English readers, is a model of how to arouse interest in a writer presumed to be unfamiliar. Mr. Lemaitre mentions Gosse in his bibliography, but does not emulate him, and the only other essay on Gide in English recommended by Mr. Lemaitre is in a volume published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Again, all the relevant facts about Gide may be found in Léon-Quint's excellent study of the man and his work, which is available in English for all who care to learn about Gide. Mr. Lemaitre lists this study in his bibliography, but adds not a jot or tittle to what it contains. When he reaches the point of describing the founding of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, in which he stresses the importance of the part played by Gide, he omits one of the most peculiar facts in the story. The first issue of the review appeared in the fall of 1908, not in 1909, but at Gide's insistence, that issue was suppressed because it did not meet with the aims and ideals of the group. That is why the current file of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* dates from 1909, and it is a highly significant light on the spirit in which Gide engaged in the fruitful enterprise of founding the leading literary periodical in France today.

These are the frank reactions of a reader predisposed to be interested in a book of this kind, having read all the authors discussed, commented upon them, promoted their translation into English, and being familiar with the bulk of Mr. Lemaitre's bibliographical references. If his treatment of his subject repels me, I find it hard to believe that it will attract readers less predisposed to be interested. As always, when confronted by these copiously foot-noted academic tomes, I am prompted to wonder what they are supposed to be: school manuals or theses? They are to me what Charles Lamb called *biblia abiblia*, books that are not books. Or rather, should I say textbooks masquerading as literary criticism? Not that I hold that professors cannot write attractively and without footnotes, as witness Saintsbury or Brunetière or Lemaître. The French record particularly could be extended almost indefinitely. Despite his name, Mr. Lemaitre is not in their tradition. I suggest that he apply the methods of his illustrious and charming French namesake. At present, more than a *circonflex* separates Georges Lemaitre from Jules Lemaître.

Ernest Boyd is a frequent contributor to literary journals. He is the author of "Studies in Ten Literatures," and has edited an English edition of Maupassant.

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Travels with a Ghost

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IT was your first visit, and an April day.

Penn Station: you came upstairs from the train. I was trying not to talk, I didn't want to blur your impressions. You were surprised by the door that opened of itself as you approached. (So may they all.) You said, "When is a door not a door?" I answered "When it has an Electric Eye."

The stairway up to the arcade is divided by an escalator. But there is a division more symbolic than that, illustrated by the statues of two former P. R. R. presidents. On one side is Mr. Cassatt with a derby, on the other Mr. Rea with a felt. Are not men of two kinds: those who wear hard hats, those who wear soft? So, until the escalator was put in, I always went up the stairs on Mr. Rea's side.

We paused at the Doubleday Doran book shop in the arcade, the anchor-link of that useful chain. It was opened in 1910, soon after Penn Station itself. Last winter it celebrated by taking modern shape: now it is circular, with a hemisphere dome, ceiling and a little rectangular recess so the bookseller won't feel too goldfishy. It's like a tiny planetarium, and you said "That's exactly what a bookshop is, a planetarium for the mind." In cut-out lettering round the wall (duplicated in shadow by the indirect light) is an inscription:—

Books the assembled souls of all men held wise imprisoned until someone takes them down from a shelf and reads them.

Mr. Anatol Bendukov, the friendly manager of the shop, says that the Doubleday office believes this comes from Bacon. We wondered. The motto that appeals to me is one I have never seen used by any bookseller. It is in Heminge and Condell's little address to the readers in the First Folio Shakespeare. They said:—

It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke.

Outside the station we got on a bus. It goes east on 31st Street, and I pointed out to you the little church of the Franciscan Fathers. I told you that it always reminds me of Joyce Kilmer because on his way up to the New York *Times* he used to stop there to pray. But I was wrong, for looking in Bob Holliday's sketch of Joyce—a very touching memorial of a deep friendship—I see that it was the Church of the Holy Innocents on 37th Street. There, when his small daughter had infantile paralysis, Kilmer used to kneel for courage.

Our next landmark was rather different. As we passed under the 6th Avenue L, we saw the old Grand Hotel. There young Oscar Wilde stayed: when I see those antique iron balconies I imagine Oscar's massive figure, in a yellow silk dressing gown, standing for his first view of Broadway. Then conscientiously dressing himself in velvet breeches and silk stockings and going off to lecture. As he buckles his breeks he reminds himself of The Importance of Being Flip.

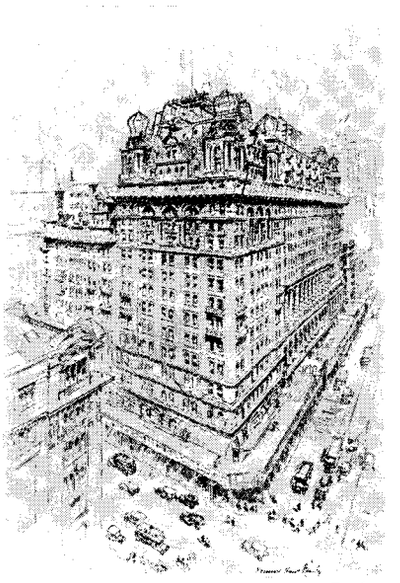
Speaking of the 6th Avenue L, while you're here better take a sentimental ride; it won't last much longer.

31st Street, we noticed, has several literary associations. The old *Life* building is at 19 West; the name is gone but the figure of Cupid is still over the door. How surprised the four M's who ran that magazine—Miller, Mitchell, Metcalfe and Masson—would be at its present incarnation. Young as you are, you had never heard of John Kerfoot who was *Life's* much admired book reviewer years ago. You promised to make a note of his remarkable book *How To Read* which has long been out of print. The Hotel Wolcott I also claim as a literary shrine because I once printed some charming verses by the actress Phoebe Foster which were written on its stationery. And as we turned north on Fifth Avenue we saw the big Textile Building; hidden away in a private office on one of its upper floors is one of the finest Walt Whitman collections.

Now for the first time you happened (by some instinct) to look upward and saw above you the vast Empire State, teeming vertically into cool hazy blue. I quoted *Lear:* "Ten masts at each make not the altitude."

"Do I have to go up it?" you asked.

"Everybody does," I said sternly. But I didn't insist. For now, above 34th Street, we were among the shops which I knew would interest you. I think you were a little shocked to see a Woolworth's just opposite Altman's—and both Woolworth and Kress facing each other a little farther on. You'd have been still more shocked if I'd told you that these latter occupy the spaces that were formerly the Union League and the Wendel house. No one has ever been able to learn what became of the Union League after it left Fifth Avenue. There is a club that uses the old name, over on Park Avenue; but I don't think it can be the same because it admitted some Democratic members.



Rudge

Fifth Avenue ghost: the old Waldorf, on the site of the Empire State. Drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey.

It's the privilege of the oldtimer to lament that you'll never know The Avenue as it used to be; and 25 years hence *you* can brag about remembering when those funny old fashioned cubes of architecture, Woolworth and Kress, faced each other at 39th Street. But something really was lost when Tiffany's decided to put the name on the store. That *was* swank, when they felt they were so well-known they didn't need to tell you who they were. I often wonder if they ever looked up the accidental advertising they get in Herrick's poems. He describes his Anthea abed "half betrayed by Tiffanies." (*Tiffany,* it seems, was transparent gauzy stuff, esteemed by the frolic parson for nightgowns.) What is much needed is a Literary Advertising Agency, to merchandize among deserving businesses the richness of unused copy available in the classics. Couldn't Knox the Hatter do something with Oliver Wendell Holmes's lines:—

Virtue may flourish in an old cravat
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.

Think of that wonderful testimony about the sleeping-car written by Walt Whitman. I've tried to bait the Pullman Company with it, but they pay no heed.

I was pleased to see your admiration as we came abreast the Public Library. Each of the long-nosed lions, you noted, is backed by an inscription on the building: the northern lion is in favor of Truth, the southern couches for Beauty. One of these texts is from the Apocrypha and the other from Whittier, and I dared you to guess which was which. You said that your favorite quotation about Truth was the enigmatic footnote in *Bartlett:* "Truth, crushed to earth, burrows out of sight." We might have argued this but we dismounted at 42nd Street where I wanted to go to the bank.

Of course no two people will go along a street and notice the same things. I was rather hoping, at the corner of 45th, that you might say something about the bright little jumble of terraces on the Fred French building. But you were looking at the sign in a men's outfitter's: *Get yourself a Good Gabardine.* "Who do they think I am, Shylock?" was your comment. In the furrier's across the street we were both startled by a dress of iodine-colored oilcloth or souwesterish stuff, and a hat with an amber cellophane brim. I take clothes (other people's

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clothes) with considerable seriousness, and was glad to see you do too. We went far enough along the side of Jaeckel's fur shop to say good morning to John Hughes, the red-faced doorman who stands so erect there in all weathers. But he sometimes lets the winter get ahead of his overcoat; when he was laid up with flu last year all 45th Street was anxious until he came back to duty. I don't like the idea of a man catching cold outside a fur shop. In summer however John has the best of us all: a wonderful icy exhale comes up the gratings from Mr. Jaeckel's storage vaults. John came (in 1891) from County Monaghan in Ireland, and I don't suppose he ever imagined he would be standing guard over the foxes and ermines that support Grand Opera. The sure way to his heart is to talk about the oversize pigs of Ireland. I described one (as big as a pony) that I saw in Ballycastle. We agreed that if one of those Irish porkers could be driven up the Avenue it would cause more excitement than the circus gorilla.

I was going to call your attention to the stationer whose name symbolizes the whole Fifth Avenue region—Styles and Cash—but just then you saw Putnam's across the street. Of course we went for a look. Here, I'm ashamed to say, I butted in with my own interests instead of listening to yours. They were selling sets, and I noticed two particularly. One was Paul De Kock, whom I hadn't thought of for years. In 1912, when three young men went up the Rhine as deck-passengers on a cargo-steamer, there was an attractive Alsatian girl (named Annette) on board. She had a volume of Paul De Kock and insisted on reading it aloud to us to improve our French. As boys we used to hear of him vaguely as being rather sultry, but he reappears now only in sets of dubious luxe and translation. The other was a handsome row lettered *Burke's Works*. I reminded you how the cacophony of this title, repeated on book after book where he kept seeing them, drove De Quincey to the opium bowl.

Your own interest in 45th Street seemed to be more roused by the fact that in this same block the assiduous Fred Melcher edits that bookman's bible the *Publishers' Weekly*; and in our own building Mencken and Nathan once rode to renown on the witty old *Smart Set*; and the *New Yorker* began its brilliant career.

But I wanted you to see something of quite a different sort; something which the casual visitor would scarcely encounter. So we met, later on, at the American-Anderson Galleries on 57th Street. There we might have seen some of the astonishments of the bibliophile, for the sale of the great Bishop collection was going on. I had seen there, a few days before, Ben Jonson's copy of Montaigne with Ben's signature on the title page, and Herman Melville's letter to Mrs. Hawthorne expounding the symbolism of *Moby Dick*, and one of Grolier's bindings with his great-hearted book-motto stamped on it —JO. GROLIERII ET AMICORUM. But today I had more homely game in mind. The ingenious Karl Freund, most subtle of connoisseurs, had gathered a collection of what he calls Art for the Garden. (*Up the Garden Path,* George Macy suggested, would have been the perfect title for the catalogue.) The sale was two weeks off, so the pieces were still in the storage rooms upstairs. There, where few outsiders ever penetrate, Mr. Freund very kindly took us to see these comic and alluring pieces of outdoor pleasantry. Half the fun of such a collection is in Mr. Freund's catalogue annotations—for instance an "Early New York cast iron lamp post, circa 1830," which he describes as a "fluted and gadrooned baluster on 4 rectangular plinths." But even he, and with the aid of his polished single eyeglass, must have been nonplussed by some of the treasures he found, for he lists them demurely as "Early American Iron Objects." Here, for nostalgic delight, were the trophies and symbols fancied by our landed grandparents; though I saw nothing quite so thrilling as the stone deer (with glass eyes) which I once knew in a Victorian "shrubbery." Crowded together in the Anderson attics and waiting their turn at auction, the wire ferneries and iron dogs, bird baths and garden gates, iron love seats (it seems contradictory) with "pieds de biche," copper milk jars, leaden peacocks and marble urns, figures of what Mr. Freund calls "embattled amorini" and huge marble well-curbs from Italy. Your favorite, I think, was the cigar-store statue of a Turkish lady (Northern N. Y., early 19th century); mine perhaps the wooden reindeer from a foundered merrygoround.

We went out in the sunshine ourselves, and walked over to the Plaza for lunch. The trees round the fountain—you remember E. B. White's poem about her, *The Lady Is Cold*—were just leafy enough to cast a filigree of shadow; and pausing to admire we saw a strange red flag at the Savoy-Plaza across the way. It was scarlet red with a two headed eagle, unknown to us both. "Just the house-flag," you suggested; "one eagle for Savoy and one for Plaza." "We'll ask Caesar," I said. Caesar is commander in the Men's Grill, and can do anything. I put the question and before lunch was served Caesar was back with a large colored chart of all the world's emblems.

"It's the flag of Albania," he said. "In honor of King Zog, who is being married today. His sisters stayed at the Savoy, so they have a family feeling about it."

"What a town," was all you said as you turned to your English Sole George Sand. Which reminds me, I still intend to read her *Histoire de Ma Vie.*

The Pulitzer Prize for Poetry

has been awarded to

COLD MORNING SKY

by Marya Zaturenska

When it was published, the SRL said of it:

"Miss Zaturenska's second volume is a finer collection in every way than her first book, 'Threshold and Hearth.' It has all the subtlety of her first offering, but it is a clarified subtlety; the stripped line, the sharpened image, the clean phrases are here, but they are rounded and enriched with a new mellowness. Maturity may be the word for this enrichment, but it is more like a serene and steadily growing warmth of spirit.

"In style Miss Zaturenska is a combination of Léonie Adams and Louise Bogan. She has the verbal chastity of Miss Adams, but she is less abstract than that fine and visionary poet; she has the precise, sometimes Yeatsian, accent of Miss Bogan, but the speech seems quicker and the feeling more spontaneous and affirmative.

"For all its variety in theme, this is an unusually integrated poetry, firm, refined, and, at times, a little too rarefied. But, though the emotion in 'Cold Morning Sky' is low-pitched, it is not low in vibrance. It never fails to find its proper setting and its exact utterance. Those excessive scholiasts of the new order who insist that personal emotion is played out and that, hence, lyric poetry is dead, will have to revise their dogmas if they honestly appraise this poetry. It is for those who prefer nobility to prettiness, true fastidiousness to beribboned elegance. Without program or pretentiousness, it revives, or, rather, continues the authentic lyric note for which no school or system has ever invented a substitute."

$1.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK

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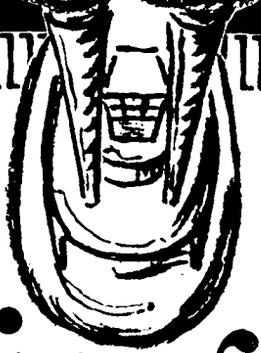
The best river novel since "Huckleberry Finn"

By Ben Lucien Burman



Blow *for a* Landing

Christopher Morley says: "There are many who, if it were a Russian novel would hail it as great literature, but may miss its virtues because they are unpretendingly native."

Marc Connelly says: "BLOW FOR A LANDING reveals the lives and minds of the descendants of those strange river people we once barely glimpsed through the eyes of Mark Twain."

Carl Carmer says: "Willow Joe immediately joins that American Portrait Gallery which includes David Harum, Huck Finn, and the rest of America's favorite sons."

Walter Edmonds says: "BLOW FOR A LANDING took hold of me and I read it without stopping right to the end. It is utterly indigenous writing. I believed every word of it. River, people, raccoon, go along in a kind of crochet stitch toward sublimity, and the final moment, with Willow Joe sitting down at the keyboard of the calliope, and the steam rising round his face, has all the accumulated joy of an individual ascension to the proper place."

Blanche Colton Williams says: "The greatest story of a flood since Genesis. It has all succeeding floods laid by the heels."

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By *Edward Clodd.* A new edition of this instructive and entertaining story of how man learned writing, from primitive days when it was simply pictorial, through times when the picture represented an idea and writing became symbolical, to the final stage where the symbol represents the sound of a word, syllable or letter. Illustrated. $1.25

At All Bookstores

D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO.

35 West 32nd Street, New York

Jobs and the Big City

LISTEN, LITTLE GIRL, BEFORE YOU COME TO NEW YORK. By Munro Leaf. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by MARJORIE HILLIS

ANYBODY who has ever had much to do with wistful young girls from the hinterlands who come to New York in search of a career ought to feel a devout gratitude to Munro Leaf, who has just written this book with all the answers. He is the same Mr. Leaf who wrote about the charming young bull called Ferdinand, who loved flowers, and he realizes that these young ladies love flowers too, and everything else connected with glamour, and think there are more to be found in New York than anywhere else. There are, but the book makes it plain that you have to be good to get them, and even then there aren't always enough to go around.

The book isn't unfairly discouraging. It gives plain facts gaily and entertainingly, in spite of the grimness in some of them, and if the facts relating to each field are as accurate as they are in connection with those I happen to know intimately, the author has done a very thorough job. Dividing the possible fields into those suitable for beautiful girls, brainy girls, and nice girls (and admitting that many will be all three), he explains the probabilities, if any, of getting a job along each of those lines, the necessary qualifications, what you will have to do if you do get it, and how much you may hope to be paid. The book ought to clear up a lot of vagueness in the minds of ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the young women planning to come to the big city to be "advertising women" or do "fashion work" or "write" or what have you. It tells about the various branches in all these fields and a good many more, and what talents are needed for them, and it should be very illuminating to the innumerable young ladies who haven't yet realized that there *are* different branches.

But it's the last chapter in the book that should be given out as a tract in high schools and Sunday schools and by fond mamas and hopeful suitors. The one about the boarding-houses where the landlord's family have to pass through your room to get to the front door; and the rooming houses with the gas rings and the smell of stale cabbage and cheap cold cream; and the girls' clubs with golden oak bureaus and female callers only; and the terrible food at a good many places. A lot of girls who could stand the work described, couldn't stand the hours when they wouldn't be working.

If a girl can read about all that, on top of all the rest, and still believe that she can come to New York and make herself a career, she'd better come. As the book points out, thousands do every year—and hundreds actually get the careers.

Marjorie Hillis is the author of "Live Alone and Like It."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 214)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: "PETER BELL."

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell; . . .
In vain, through every changing year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Pulitzer Prize Winner

OUR TOWN

by Thornton Wilder

"So clear and detailed are the directions and business made in the printed volume," says the *Providence Journal*, "that OUR TOWN becomes as real a place to those who read the book as it does to the fortunate audiences who see the play. So simple in its strength, so sound in its philosophy... its conclusions are of timeless, placeless value."

At all bookstores, $2.00

COWARD-McCANN

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After the Happy Ending

(*Continued from page 4*)

ess for two years and eight months. Here is one point where the most vociferous defenders of the American system would admit (just now, at any rate) that they do some things better in Europe. As Mr. Lippmann and others have pointed out, a British or French executive who was defeated on what was so purely a question of confidence as the Reorganization Bill would have to resign. They might have added that in that case the Opposition would have to be ready to take over at once—would have to have a man and a program, neither of which the Opposition has now. If this alternative program failed to work, then perhaps Premier Roosevelt could come back with something more practical. But only alien systems permit the government such flexibility. We seem to be stuck at dead center for the moment; "business" has no confidence in Roosevelt, and it was proved a year ago last November that sixty per cent of the voters of the country (including many business men) have no confidence in those who call themselves business men. There is no reason to suppose that since then business has gained what Roosevelt has lost.

Agamemnon writhes in his net, crippled and helpless; Aegisthus can do nothing because the Argives don't like him and he doesn't know what to do anyway. And where is the young Orestes who may come in some day to clean things up and restore some sort of equilibrium? Maybe that is his voice that was lately raised in Wisconsin; but the big Recognition Scene cannot be written just yet. His program says that "we must stop at nothing short of the necessary steps"; perhaps that is not exactly what was meant, but it is where most political parties stop, after they have prospered enough to have something to lose if they offend any large bloc of voters.

Meanwhile you can find historical edification in these five volumes; and you could read them with pleasure as drama, if you didn't know how the story came out. Perhaps the sequel, in whose first act we all now function as spear bearers, may have a happier ending.

Formula Novel

THE TIME OF CHANGE. By Louis Grebenc. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.

They killed a cow, they killed a hen;
They killed three pigs within a pen;
They killed a horse, and pray, what then?
That was not taking Stonington.

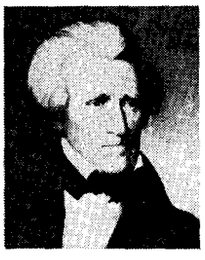
SO runs an early and once popular ballad describing the bloodless bombardment of Stonington, Conn., by a British fleet during the War of 1812. The events form the key passage of this book. It is told from the point of view of the women who stayed home and heard the cannon growl along the horizon; and so far it is good, good dialect, good picture. But the story does not advance beyond this point. It is a formula novel, written for women according to the methods recently described by Mr. Uzzell in these pages, without any emotion deeper than that produced by the manufacture of a jar of apple-butter, and the heroine a willing subject of a forward pass from one dog-like faithful man to another.

Pulitzer Prize Winner

JOINT AWARD

ANDREW JACKSON

By Marquis James



Marquis James, author of the Pulitzer Prize biography *The Raven*, now shares the Pulitzer Prize for the year's outstanding American biography—*Andrew Jackson* in two superbly illustrated volumes. "A monumental biography of the man who proved himself the most forceful, the most efficient and the most colorful figure of the early nineteenth century." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune* "*Books*."

"Whatever Andrew Jackson touched was dramatic, and Mr. James makes the most of the drama. He writes with dash and color as well as with precision. Andrew Jackson is alive, his eyes flash in these pages."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Can be recommended without reserve. A work that should stand for a long, long time."—*N. Y. Times.*

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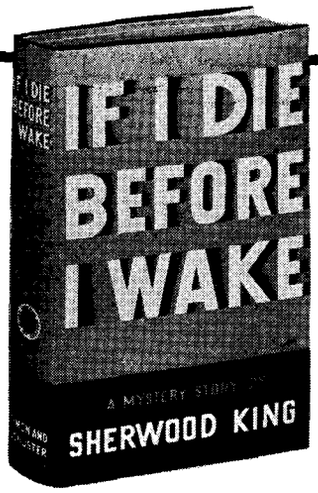

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—*Boston Herald*

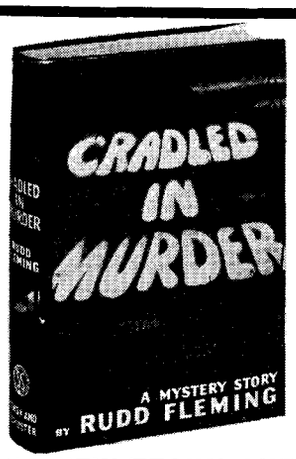
"Features a heroine who steps up one's pulse."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

"Beautifully written and shocking story. The suspense throughout is terrific."
—*The New Yorker*

"Plot: clever; style: swift, spare." —*Time Magazine*

"Narrated with crisp, diabolical deftness."
—*N. Y. World-Telegram*

$2.00 SIMON AND SCHUSTER



"A NEW TECHNIQUE TO THE THRILLER"
—*Will Cuppy, Herald Tribune "Books"*

"You won't want to put down this superb thriller until you've finished the last page."
—*N. Y. World-Telegram*

"Masterful!"
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"The denouement is and will leave you shivering. Tops in horror and evil."
—*Philadelphia Record*

"The most unusual tale of the month." —*Scribner's Magazine*

$2.00 • An Inner Sanctum Mystery

Causes of Change

A PHILOSOPHY FOR A MODERN MAN. By H. Levy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS fascinating book was apparently written with several objects in view, one of which was to produce a maximum incidence of apoplexy in the Union League Club. At least it is perfectly adapted to the purpose. And the reviewer is not prepared to take up a quarrel on that ground.

Two-thirds of the work seem to him beyond praise, the rest as it may be. The analysis of the changing world and the exposition of the nature and cause of change will make anyone with an intellect more complex than an amoeba's pause and inquire. Clearness is a noble attribute, and Professor Levy is not only clear but fertile in illustration. A layman cannot pretend to point out where Professor Levy's thought departs from great originals. Most of the fundamental notions of the book are new to me. But I do know that his exposition of Hegelian dialectic, which most people only understand by guess or by God, is really lucid. William James's joke about fathoming Hegel only under the influence of nitrous oxide almost loses its point as the ideas are exhibited in the light of Professor Levy's deadly clarity.

His explanation of the generalized law of change is egregiously simple. Wherever change occurs the sequence will be of this nature. An exterior force applied to a given situation produces an interior stress by which the situation is altered into a new one. Thus heat (an exterior force) is applied to water on the stove (a given situation) producing molecular agitation (an interior stress) which alters the situation into steam (a new situation). This really looks like a generalized law of change. At least anyone will sweat who can find any change which cannot be described in these terms. But it is respectfully submitted that the discovery of these factors in a complex situation is a task for Hercules. Nor am I disposed to take lying down Professor Levy's application of his dialectic to the large problems of society. It is hard to believe that the British Labor Party is necessarily the outcome of all history. As the man said, it is such a small rabbit to take out of such a large hat.

Also I wish he had not in passing taken the conventional crack at Darwin, whom for some reason Marxians feel it desirable to liquidate. It won't do to say that Darwin was wrong because he was a child of his time. As has been pointed out, Marx was a child of the same time.

Be that as it may, people ought to read the first four chapters of this book hard, particularly the fourth, "What Causes Change." But the remainder must be read with a full comprehension of the fact that the wishful thinking of a fine mathematician resembles the wishful thinking of persons whose minds are less delicately organized.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CAIRO GARTER MURDERS *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hugh North and Bruce Kilgour trail dangerous mass-killer from ocean liner to sandy wastes of Egyptian desert.	From sea-swept start through lush oriental high-jinks to fantastic finish on moon-lit Sahara, a swell succession of thrills.	Top-notch
THE SCARF ON THE SCARECROW *Martin Joseph Freeman* (Dutton: $2.)	Mother and son sent under sod by slayer seeking "golden rod." Deducing done by Jerry Todd.	Lively, well-plotted yarn of double murder and hidden treasure with slick killer and slicker sleuth.	Better grade
MURDER IN WAITING *Robert Murphy* (Scribner's: $2.)	Murder among hard-drinking set at country estate anticipated by wager of private investigator, who solves it.	Crowded incident, cryptic dialogue, and intricate solution leave reader as confused as the plot.	Exhausting
VALID OR FORGED? *Lloyd L. Jones* (Funk and Wagnalls: $2.) (Non-fiction)	Practical hand-book for lawyers, bank-cashiers, and others who must keep eyes peeled for too-expert penmen.	Instructive text and revealing pictures show how science makes row of ambitious forger very hard to hoe.	Valuable
MURDERS IN SILK *Mike Teagle* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	One gent perishes in ladies' room of r. r. coach; flames consume another; shots riddle third as Pa Bixby solves puzzle.	Spry septuagenarian sleuth and raffish son star in sanguinary and slightly screwy salmagundi of silk, sex, and slaying.	Lurid

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Charles Darwin

By GEOFFREY WEST

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In the Spirit of William James

By RALPH BARTON PERRY

Based on the Powell Lectures, at Indiana University, this volume draws freely from the author's Pulitzer Prize winning book *The Thought and Character of William James.* $2.00

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Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO

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THE Folklore OF Capitalism 7th Big Printing $3

By THURMAN W. ARNOLD

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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

Pragmatist

IN THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Ralph Barton Perry. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

IN these incisively written Powell Lectures on Philosophy delivered at Indiana University in January, 1937, Ralph Barton Perry proves once more his friendship with his great teacher. Drawing freely from his Pulitzer Prize biography, "The Thought and Character of William James," he encourages the reader to agree that "the fascination of biography lies in the elusive mystery of personality," and then offers five lectures which make the personality of William James less elusive and less mysterious, and which enhance rather than diminish the fascination of his life and his philosophy.

The book, however, is not a summary biography nor does it contain biographical sketches, except in the first lecture which contrasts James with Royce and considers that peculiar juxtaposition of ideals which made the former, who received his early training in the relative luxury of European capitals, the champion of an indigenously American philosophy, and the latter, who was first educated in the haphazard schools of the American frontier, the representative of a typically European *Weltanschauung.* The second and third chapters concern James's empirical theory of knowledge and his metaphysics of experience, and are written in a language which readers unacquainted with the vocabulary of technical philosophy will pronounce both comfortable and clear. Indeed, nothing of philosophical precision has ever been foreign to either James or Perry. Chapters four and five, "A Militant Liberal" and "The Right to Believe," disclose James's solutions to dilemmas still current, his attitudes toward individualism, liberty, and tolerance in relation to the exclusive and inclusive principles of life, and his use of the latter principle to reconcile the tolerance of liberalism with the militancy of action. The author concludes with the apparent conflict between empiricism and faith, suggesting that while James never relinquished his fidelity to theoretical and empirical evidence, he also appreciated the unfortunate personal and social consequences of abstinence from beliefs which lack this evidence. With a facility born of an intimate knowledge, Professor Perry further disposes of the criticisms of Van Wyck Brooks, who has lamented James's readiness to allow an American expedience a place in his philosophy, and of Santayana, who charged James with romanticism and with having "forgotten the Greeks."

The author of this book exhibits again not only his own high competence, which has long been taken for granted, but also his conviction of the essential humanity of James. Other disciples can only hasten to concur that "no man has ever made a more heroic struggle to think consistently, or to abide by the consequences of his own affirmations." No one has a better right to say so than Ralph Barton Perry, and no one preserves more reverently the spirit of William James.

The AMEN CORNER

"In gay Vauxhall now saunter beaux and bells,
And happier cits resort to Sadler's Wells,"

quotes Austin Dobson at the head of "Old Vauxhall Gardens," one of his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes,* First Series, which has just been re-issued in a new edition in the *World's Classics,* our favorite pocket library.[1] "To sit and bask in the sunshine of the eighteenth century, with Austin Dobson turning on the sun, is a rare and holy joy," wrote Sir Walter Besant. It is especially a joy in this neat dark blue volume, beautifully printed and illustrated with three plates from eighteenth-century originals.

We have also been basking in the sun of *Old Calabria,* with Norman Douglas, who has written a new introduction for the edition just added to the *World's Classics.* It is, to quote the blurb on the jacket (a newly-designed jacket, by the way) "a perfect example of the rarest and finest type of travel book, the story of a personality against the background of an unknown place." Dip into it anywhere and you come upon something too delightful to spoil by quotation. The Oxonian's volume has just opened at the sly chapter called "Albanians and their College."

* * *

Now that we have finished reading it, there are three more new titles in the *World's Classics* tempting us.

Recollections and Essays by Leo Tolstóy, translated with an Introduction by Aylmer Maude is the seventeenth title by Tolstóy to be added to the series. The only completer translation in existence is the *Tolstóy Centenary Edition* in 21 volumes.[2]

Modern German Short Stories, translated by H. Steinhauer (who contributes an Introduction) and Helen Jessiman, illustrates the development of German literature from 1870 to 1933, and contains, among others, stories by Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, and Hans Fallada.

Speeches and Documents on International Affairs 1918-1937 is in two volumes,[1] edited with an Introduction by Arthur Berriedale Keith. It is the essence of the annual volumes of Documents from the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and is an invaluable reference work for intelligent readers of current international news who want to be able to turn at once to the sources to refresh their knowledge.

When we begin on the *World's Classics* we could go on forever. We haven't left much room to talk about another recent Oxford book we have been enjoying, but we will just name it—*Four French Novelists:* Marcel Proust, André Gide, Jean Giraudoux, Paul Morand,[3] by Georges Lemaitre. It will help you understand France and the position of her writers during the last twenty years or so.

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The New Books

Biography

LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG-PRUSSIA. Edited by Hector Bolitho. Yale University Press. 1938. $3.

Here are some two hundred pages of hitherto unpublished letters of Queen Victoria kept together by a running narrative of about one hundred pages by Mr. Bolitho. The letters, written between 1841 and 1889, are mostly addressed to Augusta, wife of William I and grandmother of the present exile of Doorn. They show us the Victoria we have come to know pretty well from an abundance of similar material already in print, and they can hardly be said to show us anything important we were not already aware of. Mr. Bolitho is a capable editor, and his conscientious work makes it quite possible for one unacquainted with Victoria and her period to find in this little book an excellent introduction to the subject.

There are still, however, some of us too steeped in the early twentieth-century reaction against things Victorian to find his worshipping attitude altogether acceptable. Neither Victoria nor her epoch was quite so ludicrous as the bright young Edwardians thought them; but neither were they quite as serenely wise and perfect as Mr. Bolitho seems to think them. How Victorian—and how human—of Victoria, for instance, to be petulant with her son Leopold for his hereditary illness, hæmophilia! And how curious that even a very young mother could ever write of the Albert Edward who later reigned as Edward VII that a *Glaubensschild* with the four evangelists would be "the little knight's precious dowry for his whole life."

C. B.

Fiction

STRUMPET WIND. By Gertrude Bosworth Crum. Covici-Friede. 1938. $2.

This first novel by Mrs. Crum is paradoxically both a successful and unsuccessful debut to a literary career. The plot is a mature one and the characters complex; out of these Mrs. Crum has produced an adequate piece of writing which, though lacking in the depth and intensity of a finished author, shows none of the fumbling of a novice. The story tells of Sarah Batten, who escapes from a sordid life as a waitress in a small Texas town, in an attempt to find happiness with an older California farmer whom she encounters through the medium of a marital agency magazine. An exhausted ranch on which they live in the Mother Lode region, and a deaf, mean, greenish-pallored, sniveling husband are the only rewards she receives.

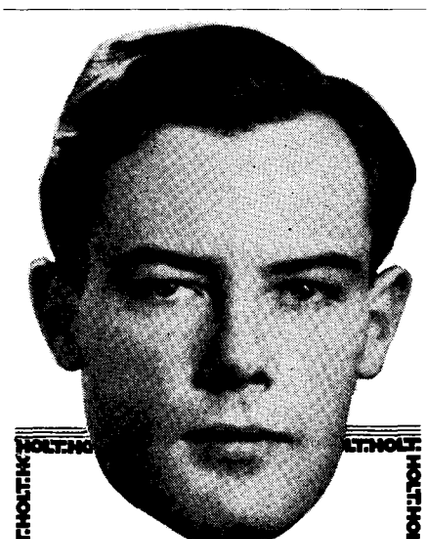
Stoically, Sarah sublimates her anger and disgust, until there comes a time when she can no longer endure the mean atmosphere in which she lives. The feelings which she has controlled for so long burst forth when she meets the charming, devil-may-care Pancho Esquer. Looking at the thin, trembling lips and the indeterminate chin of her husband, Sarah tells herself that there is no right for him to stand in the way of the happiness of others. Even when Jesse Batten does die, mysteriously, Sarah discovers that she is the type never destined to find happiness. The character motivation for this set of actions is good, but the characters themselves do not fully convey the tragedy which the plot gives to them. Despite some fine passages, and a vivid setting in the parched, brittle Sonora summer, the book never attains the full height of its original idea.

J. D. H.

ON SARPY CREEK. By Ira Stephens Nelson. Little, Brown. 1938. $2.50.

Mr. Nelson's first novel is a tale of farm life in Montana. It is honestly and directly written; it has, scattered here and there, its moments of drama; and it deserves praise for exhibiting a kind of health and sunniness mostly absent from rural fiction in these latter days when every fictional farmer has apparently read Freud. "On Sarpy Creek" is (we are forced to trot out the old warhorse) a promising first job.

Its excellence lies in the directness and honesty of the telling. Mr. Nelson has refused to become melodramatic, even though a murder, an adultery, and an unhappy marriage are among the elements of his story. These things he honorably takes in his stride. The weaknesses of the book seem to me to be two. The first lies in its structure. Except that it spans certain years in the life of Case



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and Sareeny—from the birth of their first child to the acceptance by Sareeny of her husband's child by an Indian woman—the unity of the book lies in its picturing of a little community. But this is a very loose framework, if it be a framework at all, and the result is that the novel conveys atmosphere but fails to create dramatic tension. The second weakness lies in the defect of one of its virtues. Mr. Nelson writes simply and directly an unpretentious style, through which he achieves occasionally a genuine poetical effect, but the pace of the style never changes, and the result is an even-treading monotony.

These are honorable defects which may be cured in a second book. We suspect that "On Sarpy Creek" is no mere flash in the pan, and that in the march westward of American fiction which seems to be taking place, Mr. Nelson will have his place in the procession.

H. M. J.

EAST OF BROADWAY. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $2.

Mr. Cohen writes competently of the discovery and success of a Broadway singer. Eddie Lawson finds Linda in a Southern town, marries her for business reasons, and launches her on Broadway.

Andrew North, a gambler who wants the fortune to which Eddie doesn't know he is the heir, commits a murder in such a way that suspicion falls on Eddie and Linda. This difficulty teaches Eddie that he loves Linda; its solution convicts North while Eddie and Linda get a fortune.

Mr. Cohen has been writing a long time, and if he gets no better, at least he gets no worse. The marriage which is no marriage is one of his old favorites. His picture of New York is true enough physically, but it is for out of town consumption only.

M. S.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

the books and the letter for nearly a quarter of a century longer. On May 6, 1913, twenty-five years almost to a day after Hardy had presented them to Browning, they were sold at auction along with the rest of the Browning library. At this sale the "Wessex Tales" and the letter became separated.

Dodd & Livingston of New York City bought the books for £23. (By a curious slip in John T. Winterich's "Primer of Book-Collecting," 1935, it is stated that Hardy's books "realized $23.") Dodd sold them to Mr. Paul Lemperly of Lakewood, Ohio, in whose library they still hold an honored position. The letter was sold to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, and then disappeared from view and knowledge. A correspondent asked about the letter in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 27, 1937, but the inquiry produced no reply. Quite recently the letter turned up, pasted into a copy of the first edition of "Wessex Tales" in the Harvard College Library. This copy had been in the Hardy Collection assembled by Amy Lowell, and had been given to Harvard upon her death in 1925.

This semi-centennial of the birthday present from the pessimist to the optimist provides a convenient occasion for recording the present resting-place of both the letter and the books.

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YOUNG FRENCH GENTLEMAN, 32, excellent English, personable, reliable; Teacher, business experience, good driver, seeks occupation for summer or longer. All offers considered. Good references. Box 655-C.

OLD COW RANCH in Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Horseback trips, fishing. Reasonable. J B Quarter-Circle Ranch, La Veta, Colo.

GENTLEMAN, independent, scholarly, retiring, alone, experienced teacher, offers simplified instruction in social and political sciences, philosophy of art and education—in exchange for fresh intellectual companionship. Absolutely no charges. Some paid assignments for apt pupils. New York and Baltimore. Box 662-C.

TO RENT. Apartment of eight rooms, two baths, elevator, electrical refrigeration. Three exposures. Rooms well laid out, long hall eliminated. English model. Charming home for appreciative people, mostly collegiate. Quiet atmosphere. Large wall spaces suitable for books and Colonial furniture. On the heights, near Columbia University. $100.00. 411 West 114th Street, Apt. 6C. New York City.

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A PEACEFUL HAVEN in the foothills. The Farm on the Hill, R.R. 3. Box 315. Kingston, N. Y.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

OVER SUMMER: Married couple, private school teachers, will serve as caretakers in exchange for rental. Box 668-C.

SUMMER at Pemaquid Point, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

RESTORED 1810 HOME, 5 miles from New Haven, combining rural quiet and urban convenience; oil heat, six fireplaces, Ballroom, 2½ acres, two-car garage. Communicate with owner, Box 674-C.

TRURO, CAPE COD—Rent, Cape Cod House. Also bungalow, near fine beach, excellent views. F. A. W., 190 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

COLUMBIA MEDICAL STUDENT, 22, Christian, would like position as a tutor or traveling companion to one or two young gentlemen or small family group. Good character and scholastic references. Box 697-C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Immediate Service. WA 9-4178, "Jean."

WANTED two girls share equally bungalow expenses with two others June through September. Box 695-C.

FARMER'S COTTAGE, century old, on rural private place near bay, Long Island. Crude but comfortable. Car necessary. 6 beds, bath. Two hours New York. Furnished May 15th to Aug. 15th, $100, or $40 month, to the right people only. Box 567-C.

UNDERGRADUATE, select women's college, desires employment summer months. Companion, tutoring, or caring for children. Go anywhere. References. Box 675-C.

IS THERE AN OWNER of a summer place willing to share it week-ends with a gentleman New Yorker? Box 677-C.

GORGEOUS SITE; 7 acres; Adirondacks; vicinity Saranac Lake. Isolation, without desolation. Sacrifice, $850. Box 684-C.

ROOM FOR RENT to discriminating person who appreciates pleasant surroundings, kitchen privileges. Roof garden overlooking Brooklyn harbour. Accessible to three subways. Box 686-C.

HOIST THE SAILS aboard an old down-east schooner for a vacation under sail, cruising along the Coast of Maine. One week, all expenses, $32.00. Two weeks, $60.00. Frank Swift, Box 57, Camden, Maine.

REASONABLE RENT of housekeeping rooms, or cooperative plan, with retired professor, woman, alone. Sunny days, cool starry nights in Colonial house at 1400 feet elevation, New Hampshire. Box 690-C.

INTEREST, old New England houses, books, people, music. Business experience, Interior decorating. Object, Summer job on New England coast. Graduate girls' private school, age 22. References. Box 681-C.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie, an open fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

FOR SALE—two-story Colonial house, bath, good repair, view, two and one-half hours' drive to Boston. Perfect sun and breeze exposure. Old road connecting Mt. Monadnock Lake Sunapee Trail, N. H. $2,200. Box 682-C.

SECRETARY; executive, tactful; two years with president eastern college; one year English Department same institution; five years Student Department national organization. Available September. Box 680-C.

COLLEGE STUDENT with nursery school training, desires position as tutor or companion to young children for July and August. Preferably near sea-side. Box 679-C.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT wants summer job. Can teach English, French, History, swimming. Will consider anything. Box 678-C.

JUNE GRADUATE, 21, wishes to conduct four boys of high school age on bicycle tour of England, Scotland. Details on request. References. John Stewart, Granville, Ohio.

WOMEN: Large, sunny, studio room. Elevator. Excellent transportation. 222 E. 82. Call BU 8-6185.

Double-Crostics: No. 215

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-J	2-Y	3-X	■	4-T	5-U	6-M	■	7-D	8-B	■	9-K	10-E	11-N	12-H	13-Q	14-X
15-T	■	16-O	17-E	18-I	19-C	20-V	■	21-T	22-F	23-Y	■	24-A	25-B	■	26-P	27-G
28-Y	■	29-H	30-K	31-W	■	32-O	33-H	34-L	35-X	■	36-I	37-E	38-K	39-C	40-D	41-G
■	42-V	43-F	■	44-I	45-N	46-R	47-X	■	48-D	49-A	50-L	■	51-J	52-U	■	53-G
54-V	55-E	56-A	■	57-J	58-Y	59-M	60-W	61-O	62-T	63-S	■	64-G	65-A	■	66-X	67-D
■	68-R	69-V	70-O	71-S	72-L	73-K	74-I	■	75-X	76-A	■	77-I	78-E	79-U	80-B	81-W
■	82-H	83-G	84-P	85-S	86-J	87-R	88-W	89-M	■	90-V	91-X	92-G	■	93-J	94-L	■
95-O	96-Q	97-P	98-I	99-J	100-N	101-G	■	102-B	103-R	■	104-Y	105-V	■	106-E	107-F	108-O
109-D	■	110-F	111-A	112-B	■	113-Q	114-F	115-J	116-H	117-S	118-K	119-R	120-G	121-P	122-E	123-N
■	124-C	125-N	126-I	■	127-D	128-T	129-G	■	130-L	131-H	132-M	133-C	■	134-Y	135-K	136-L
137-X	■	138-Y	139-P	■	140-T	141-P	142-D	143-J	■	144-H	145-E	146-Y	147-K	148-P	149-T	150-U
151-Q	152-G	153-C	■	154-M	155-F	■	156-R	157-V	158-E	159-P	160-U	161-M	162-C	■	163-Y	164-W
■	165-H	166-J	167-U	168-A	169-L	170-K	171-X	172-S	173-Q	■	174-F	175-W	176-V	177-Y	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Cymric-speaking Celt; Welshman.

B. Materialize.

C. Color in the spectrum.

D. Sea nymph who detained Odysseus.

E. Development leading to a definite end.

F. Wife of Joseph and daughter of Priest of On.

G. Manage fraudulently.

H. Appraise carefully.

I. Think over.

J. Inexpedient, undiplomatic.

K. Cross-grained.

L. Bound by obligation.

M. Small knob, excrescence.

N. Intrude without credentials (slang).

O. Proscribed person.

P. English novelist (1828-1909).

Q. Acts in a dull, spiritless manner.

R. Foil.

S. Snare.

T. Perverse.

U. Exhausted of energy.

V. Historic work by Xenophon.

W. Founder of order of Jesuits.

X. Grind to fine powder.

Y. Flighty (Comp.).

WORDS

24	168	56	65	111	76	49			
80	112	102	8	25					
153	19	133	162	39	124				
127	48	142	109	40	67	7			
122	78	106	145	37	158	10	17	55	
174	43	155	107	22	110	114			
53	27	129	64	120	83	152	101	92	41
131	33	29	116	144	165	12	82		
98	77	44	126	74	18	36			
93	166	86	51	143	115	1	99	57	
170	9	73	38	30	147	118	135		
136	130	72	169	94	34	50			
89	161	154	6	59	132				
100	123	45	11	125					
32	61	70	108	95	16				
148	159	84	97	26	141	139	121		
96	13	113	151	173					
119	68	156	46	87	103				
172	85	117	63	71					
140	149	15	4	128	62	21			
5	52	160	79	150	167				
54	20	69	90	157	176	42	105		
175	60	81	164	31	88				
75	14	66	47	91	35	171	137	3	
2	58	104	163	28	134	177	138	146	23

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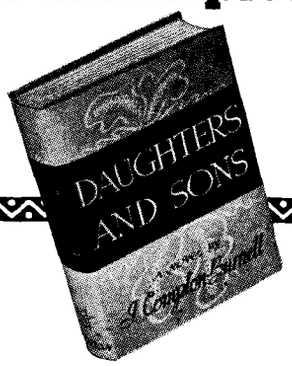
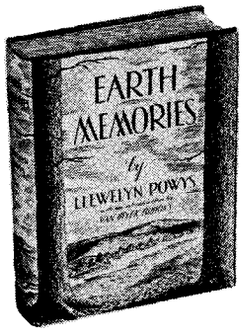


DAUGHTERS AND SONS

By I. Compton-Burnett. "I don't think genius is a word to be thrown around, but I am sure that Miss Compton-Burnett has some of it; and I am quite sure this book deserves to be called a masterpiece." — GEORGE DANGERFIELD, *The Saturday Review.* $2.50

THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES

By Maurice Bardèche & Robert Brasillach. "An excellent guide to films from the days of *The Great Train Robbery* to Walt Disney."—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram.* International in scope, profusely illustrated. $4.00



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By Llewelyn Powys. "Full of an almost miraculous freshness," writes VAN WYCK BROOKS in his introduction to this volume of essays by a writer of unusual subtlety and power. $2.75

RFD

By Charles Allen Smart. The country book that's captured the country. "Good from any angle you approach it."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* $2.50

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THIS department promised to review any "book-handkerchiefs" received. The only one which has actually come to Old Q.'s attention was sent by Miss K. M. Sherman of Pawtucket—a colorful little napery entitled *The Flowering of New England.* For emunctory purposes the N. E. states are limited to three (Mass., R. I., and Conn.) and the literary shrines pictured are those of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Louisa Alcott, Channing, and the Wayside Inn. In the upper left hand corner is a covered bridge (symbolism?). If any lady needs to pause for a snort, this is the handkerchief she desiderates. Thar she blows! (Medium Q. received a handkerchief of *The Nutmeg Tree*—a decorative piece of cloth in tropical violets and greens. It did not go with Mrs. M. Q.'s color scheme, but Quercusette, aged 4, is delighted with it.) ☞But the author who really should be illustrated on a bandanna is Mungo Park. ☞Franklin H. Hooper has retired from a 40-years' editorship of the Encyclopædia Britannica; he is succeeded by Walter Yust, who becomes the 11th editor in 170 years of continuous publication. The first thing old Q. will beg Mr. Yust to do is to correct the statement in the *Britannica Junior* that he studied at Harvard. ☞We are happy to see that Hilaire Belloc's *Selected Essays* (Lippincott; chosen by John Dineen) are to be put in Braille for the blind. ☞Albert M. Bender, San Francisco bibliophile, has given his remarkable collection of Robinson Jeffers' editions and manuscripts to Occidental College (California), where Mr. Jeffers graduated in 1905.

☞Ben Abramson, the energetic proprietor of the Argus Bookshop, Chicago, has returned from two months in Mexico. He has invented, and survived, an Aztec highball mixed of mezcal and tequila. ☞Ford Madox Ford is lecturing once a week this month at Olivet College, Michigan, and also conducting Round Table conferences on creative writing, which is what we used to call composition. ☞In case you ever wondered how much a file of the de luxe magazine *Fortune* is worth, we note that Goodspeed in Boston asks $35 for a complete run from number 1 (Feb., 1930) to the end of 1937. ☞The spring vacation we should most enjoy would be that cruise in the good stern-wheeler *Gordon C. Greene* on the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers, from Cincinnati to Muscle Shoals and back, including Pickwick Lake. The *Greene,* last of a famous fleet to carry passengers, leaves Cinci May 10, gets back May 19. We hope Roy Barkhau of the Greene Line (Cincinnati) will let us know what his passengers are reading. ☞The Book-Shelf, Honolulu, writes to say that the property at Waikiki where R. L. Stevenson once lived is now for sale. The bungalow was demolished long ago but the garden and banyan tree are unchanged. The Book-Shelf hopes some lover of Tusitala will acquire the place. ☞Mr. Lederer of the A. B. A. informs us that another feature of the Convention, hitherto unannounced, will be a preview of *Kidnapped,* starring Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter.

☞A charming article by Winnifred Rugg in the *Christian Science Monitor* speculates on what might have happened to William Hazlitt if he had stayed in Massachusetts—where he lived several years as a child. She thinks he might have gone to Harvard, but that Boston at that time "had little to get excited about." He would have made his way to New York, she thinks, become a friend of Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving, and found some sympathy for his Jacobin politics. ☞Miss Rugg reminds us that the child Hazlitt lost a silver shoe-buckle on Cape Cod, probably at Falmouth. We wonder if anyone ever found it? ☞Old Q. is not surprised that William Morrow & Co. are making a drive on *Kindling,* by Nevil Shute: it seemed to us extraordinarily readable, delightfully gaga, excellently droll, and packed with exactly the kind of Wish-Fulfilling stuff that makes Best Sellership.

☞The first offering of a new establishment always tingles Old Q.'s curiosities, for the dealer naturally sets forward his best. Pierre Berès of Paris and 8 East 54, N. Y. C., chooses as feature of his catalogue number 1 a very extraordinary MS letter from Kipling to Clemenceau, June 30, 1926. Addressing the old Tiger as "Master," Kipling spoke of "the two most difficult of arts, government and expression." The letter, in a vein of profound affection and homage, was written after reading Clemenceau's book on Demosthenes. M. Berès offers it for $300. ☞Also delighted to see, in the same catalogue, a 4-page letter from Félicien Rops the great Belgian who abides, for a secret society of two (Mr. Bill Hall and ourself), almost the greatest painter of sombre but carnal humor. There is something enigmatic in M. Berès' quote from the Rops letter: he says "The Parisian girls are charming . . . the Scotch mountaineers are nothing in comparison with their hospitality." ☞Ibid., an autograph MS of Lamartine on the *Droit au Travail* causes Old Q. to meditate that F. D. R. has much of Lamartine in his temperament. If we were to look up our careful notes (made 25 years ago) on the French Republic of '48 we would undoubtedly find many parallels for Now. As Kipling said in the letter mentioned above, "The minds of men *never* alter through the ages. Only, the names change a little." ☞Thanks to Berès' catalogue for giving us a chance to ponder. ☞The Bittner-Galland slipcases, which had their first public admiration in this column, are now specially commended in the catalogues of Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Ave. These ingenious young men have devised aluminum bases to prevent warping. ☞Paul Clarkson, of Baltimore, says that his long-waited *Bibliography of O. Henry* is in press with the Caxton Printers. This should be a very useful compilation for collectors and the Trade.

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